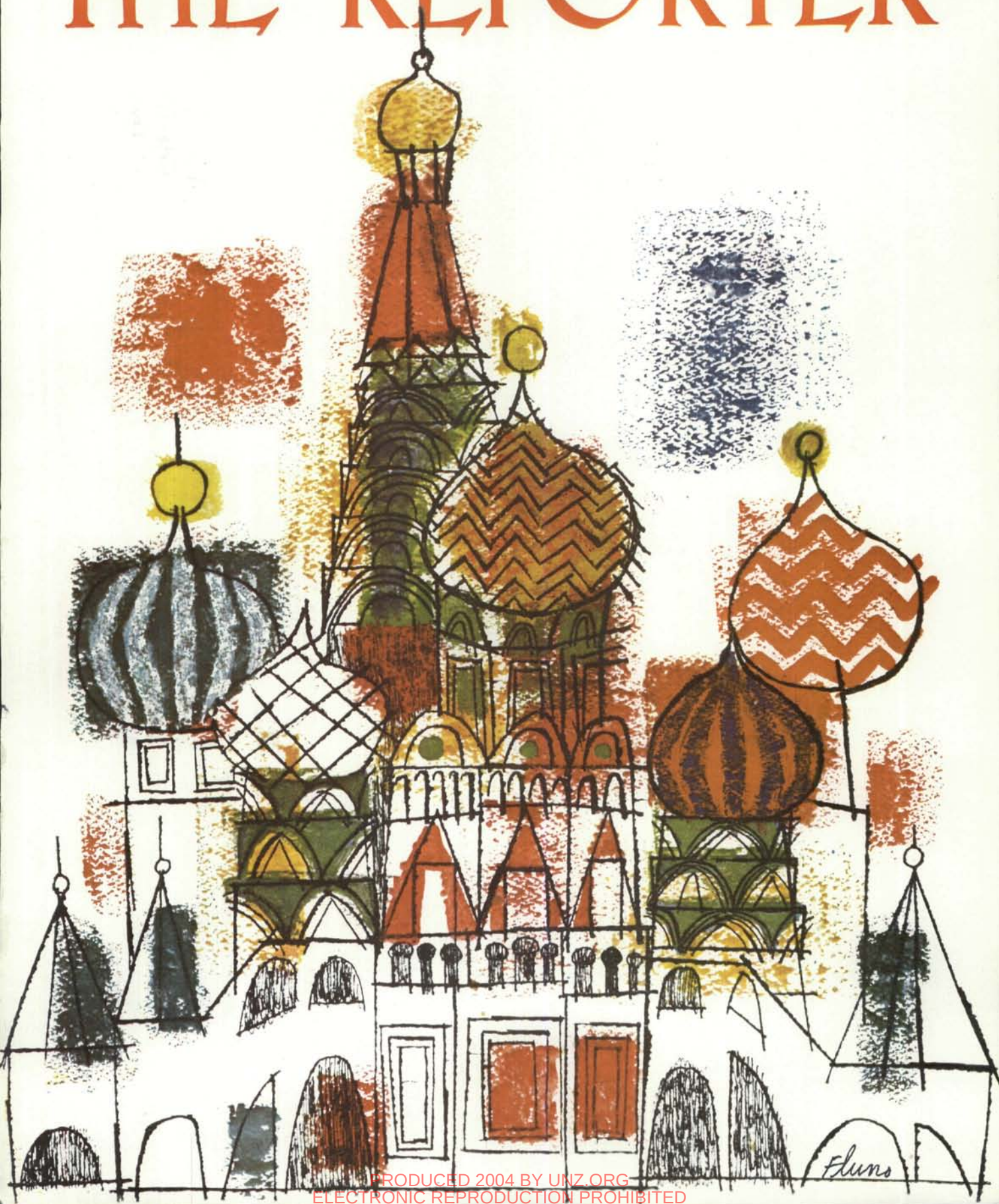
RUSSIA: PEOPLE UNDER PRESSURE

ANC April 18, 1957 25¢

THE REPORTER



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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

The British Decision

On a first reading, it is hard to find anything to be thankful for in the present Great Britain gave this country in its White Paper on the eighth anniversary of the founding of NATO on April 4. That document, announcing flatly that the British Isles were no longer defensible against nuclear attack, and that Britain's entire defense establishment must now be drastically overhauled to provide a nuclear deterrent only, impressed Washington as carrying a message of defeatism and despair. It will doubtless have a very special impact on an economy-minded Congress when its full implications for U.S. strategic interests around the globe have been weighed. But by the same token it may also supply a needed corrective to the divided counsels and wishful thinking that seem now to prevail in Washington.

For some time now, Americans have known or felt that Britain was reaching the point where it could no longer sustain a vast military establishment when economic security at home was in doubt. In a sense London has simply torn a leaf out of Admiral Radford's own notebook on the justification for giving priority to nuclear weapons. The British government's White Paper brutally confirms the obvious. While it narrows Britain's military defense to accord with hard atomic facts, it is based on the need to provide a firmer ground for peacetime economic strength both in the home islands and throughout the sterling area.

Other European capitals may follow London's example. A general movement is afoot in Europe to broaden each country's economic base. The six-power European common-market agreement is its most recent and dramatic single result. The chain of Franco-German accords is another. All the signatories and participants in these moves are weak countries militarily, relative to the East-West giants. Turning away from the armaments race in which they cannot compete, they are now focusing on economic alternatives that may yet be their salvation—and ours as well. The military leadership of the West is ours. But we still need allies—now perhaps not so much because of divisions they can mount as because of their stability and social strength. So it may be that today, when calls upon us for atomic arms are likely to increase, our priority more than ever should be to encourage and help provide sound economic underpinnings.

Prayer

Robert Briscoe, Lord Mayor of Dublin, was greeted in Boston by the Reverend Joseph E. Manton, a priest of the Redemptorist Order, with an invocation of extraordinary grace:

"Almighty God, our good and gracious Father, we find ourselves a bit bewildered this morning. You know that the first President of the Irish Republic was a Protestant; the present Lord Mayor of Dublin is a Jew; the news is going around that the Lakes of Killarney belong to a Yank; and the historians keep hissing in our ears that St. Patrick was a Frenchman. Please keep the blackthorns from becoming bamboo.

"But when we remember that Daniel O'Connell was named after a Jewish prophet, and Michael Collins after an archangel whose name is Hebrew, and that David is practically a synonym for harp, it makes us realize that the Jordan and the Shannon cannot be complete strangers as each goes running down to its separate sea.

"Help us then this morning to hold high the brimming cup of hospitality to a good and great man who represents both; and to greet him not as a stranger, but as a treasured friend. And while he is over here, make him in the best sense of the word a fair-weather friend, with none of those 'soft' days they have in Ireland, where, of course, it never really rains—those are only silver harp strings coming down—just a few drops of holy water sprinkled on the windshield. Deign to give him (mostly) serene and mellow weather so that he will go back as bright as the colors in the Book of Kells.

"And, dear God, stay the man up with monumental patience as he heroically endures a hundred toastmasters from here to the West Coast who will gaily imagine that the very fillings in their teeth are fragments

MODERN REPUBLICANISM

"Meade Alcorn renewed charges tonight that the Democratic party had 'coddled Communists' and provided a climate for 'corruption.'"—New York Times.

At moments it is hard to see
What's new about the G.O.P.,
As once again it reaffirms
In all the old and dog-eared terms
The list of Democratic C's
That brought this nation to its knees,
Contrasting past prolonged perdition
With *its* unswerving "sense of mission."
I guess it only goes to show
Old jokes from little Alcorns grow.

—SEC

THE REPORTER, April 18, 1957, Volume 16, No. 8. Entered as second class matter at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Published every other Thursday except for omission of two summer issues by The Reporter Magazine Company, 136 East 57th Street, New York 22, N. Y. Copyright 1957 by The Reporter Magazine Company. All rights reserved under Pan-American Copyright Convention. Subscription price, United States, Canada, and U.S. Possessions: One year $5, Two years $8, Three years $10. All other countries: One year $6, Two years $10, Three years $13. Please give four weeks' notice when changing your address, giving old and new addresses. Indexed in *Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature and Public Affairs Information Service.*

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of the Blarney Stone, as they ring all the obvious changes on a Jewish Mayor of Dublin. Help the poor man not to be banquet-weary of all these glib attempts to paint a green beard on Moses, or by the end he will be seeing little Leprecohens.

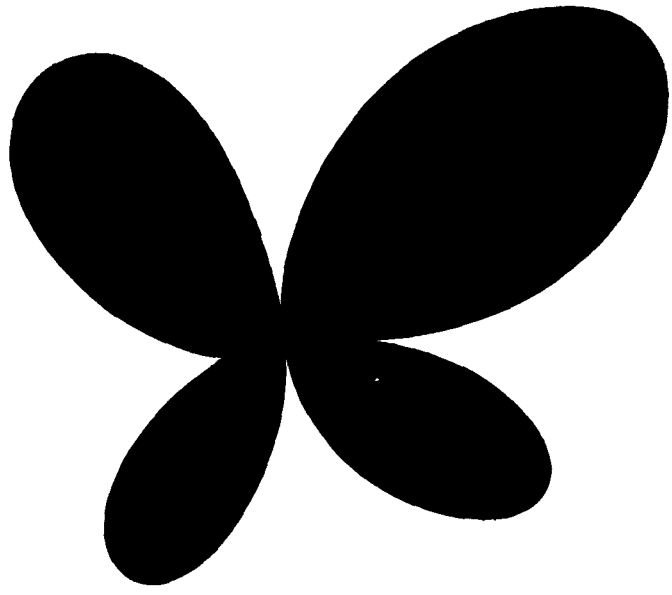
"Deliver him, O Lord, this real Irishman who risked his life for the land he loved, from any professional Irishmen (with an angle)—there are mercifully very few—but spare him even these; the sham shamrocks, the bogus bogtrotters, the synthetic Sinn Feiners, and especially the extravagant psycho-Patricks who love too loudly through a green haze an Ireland that never was. Instead, let him meet our wonderful best; the many, many genuine, practical people who appreciate that the purpose of this trip is not merely the wearin' of the green, but the sharin' of the green—by touring in Ireland and by trading with Ireland.

"Finally, dear God, bless this man, our friend; and this meal, our food; and today let the blessing come down generously even on the English muffins and the orange juice, so that having broken our fast at the top of the mornin', we may rise thanking You from the bottom of our hearts. Amen."

Buck Lateral

A President is fortunate when he knows his own mind and those of his closest associates in the Executive Branch as well and can get them all to agree—at least in public. President Eisenhower, however, evidently has had difficulty even in agreeing with himself on his $71.8-billion 1958 budget, not to speak of getting together with his own Treasury Department.

When he first approved his record peacetime budget and presented it to Congress in January, he took cognizance of Secretary Humphrey's objections to its size and admitted that possibly it should be cut. This suggested that he was not completely sold on his own figures. Then when the House asked him for advice on how to cut, he passed the suggestion back like a man washing his hands of the matter and said Congress ought to do the job on its own. But in the first days of April he veered again and declared that he was, in



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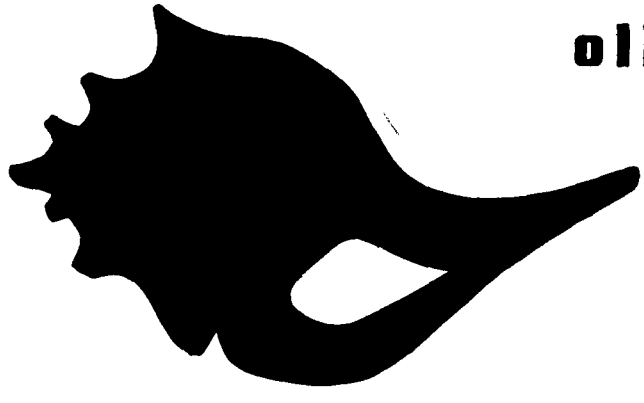

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fact, wholeheartedly behind his budget and against cutting it. Thereupon Mr. Humphrey's right-hand man, Under Secretary W. Randolph Burgess, took the occasion to say that, quite to the contrary, the budget could and should be slashed by as much as two or even three billion dollars.

The concept of teamwork is dear to the President. He prides himself on his way of applying it in the Administration. But in the present budgetary game it is not clear just who actually is playing on whose team. The ball, having been kicked from the White House to Capitol Hill and back several times, lies momentarily somewhere between the Treasury Department, Congress, and the Executive Mansion. Defense Secretary Wilson has been running interference for the President, crying that "not one dollar" should be slashed from Defense. On the other hand, Under Secretary Burgess insists that the President is really on *his* side and feels the budget should be cut after all. The result of such teamwork is to declare a field day in which anyone may pick up the ball and run any which way with it —from the Democrats on the Hill to the Republicans' own John Taber, ranking minority member of the House Appropriations Committee, who thinks the budget could come down by nearly $7 billion.

Even now, after the President has come out once again to say that he *is* solidly for his budget, some indications remain that he is not really for all of it. At his April 3 press conference, he was asked whether he agreed with provisions in it that would add forty thousand people to the Federal payroll. After some hesitation he answered: "I don't agree that we need forty thousand more . . ." He had fought such an increase from the beginning, he added. But there that increase stood—written into the budget he had approved.

Faced with such cross-purposes, a Congress on the loose is inevitably adding confusion of its own. The House, under the slogan of "Economy," had made a show of slashing nearly $200 million from vital social-welfare provisions, including medical aid to American Indians. Some of this has already been restored. More will have to be in order to meet the requirements of existing legislation. The Senate, also crying economy, has slipped through a $1.5-billion rivers-and-harbors pork-barrel bill of its own. In the free-for-all of pressure groups and lobbies, foreign aid is due to come up soon for rough treatment—and, as the President himself has pointed out, foreign aid has no lobby behind it. If on top of that it does not even have a team behind it, the going will be very rough indeed. But the President, these past months, has hardly given the impression of a leader quite sure in his own mind of anything.

Progress Report

April 3: Queried at his press conference about the current negotiations with Egypt on the Suez Canal, the President replied: "This is the problem that . . . is assigned to the Secretary-General of the United Nations. . . . we are supporting the United Nations . . ."

April 4: Queried about the same subject at his first press conference with U.N. correspondents since November 12, the Secretary-General stated that he was being kept "fully informed" by the governments involved in the negotiations and that "there is no need for me, so to speak, to squeeze myself in between."

April 4: The New York *Times* reported in a dispatch from Cairo: "Raymond A. Hare, United States Ambassador, has taken on the role of chief negotiator for the West on the Suez Canal issue."

April 5: "The West has given up all real hope of seeing the Suez Canal run as anything but Egypt's private ditch in the foreseeable future."—*Wall Street Journal.*

Pay Now, Gripe Later

Lord Brabazon of Tara, who holds British pilot's license No. 1 and has been variously a Minister of Transport and a Minister of Aircraft Production, has formed an organization called the International Society of Air Travelers and Air Transport Users, the main object of which is to stop airlines from treating passengers like "half-witted sheep."

Herewith we apply eagerly for membership, incensed by memories of long waits in bleak airports sus-

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tained with no information beyond "There will be a slight delay in departure," the word "slight" being infinitely flexible.

The airlines are hell-bent on playing it cozy with their public-address messages in flight, wishing us a good trip and telling us that the stewardess's name is Miss Hoopersnoofer, but if they really want to keep their passengers one big happy family, they might give them a clue as to why engine No. 3 is making that funny noise and what other planes are stacked in the fog above and below us. It might also be diverting to pipe the pilot-to-tower talk into the passenger compartment. It can be as flavorsome as it is informative.

Gloom of Night

Congressman Clarence Cannon, Chairman of the House Appropriations Committee, got angry enough recently to declare that Postmaster General Summerfield had "violated the law" by spending his department's money too fast and that he would have to take the consequences. Mr. Summerfield, pointing to the rise in mail volume in the past few years, had asked for more money, but his appeal was initially rejected by Mr. Cannon and a House subcommittee. If the money were curtailed, Mr. Summerfield said, the services would have to be curtailed. This was when Mr. Cannon got mad.

We remember the suggestion made some time ago that somebody make bricks without straw. The consequences then were awesome. Rivers turned to blood, frogs came from everywhere into the houses, beds, and ovens; rain turned to hail and broke all the trees in the fields, and this was only the beginning.

Mr. Summerfield, with far less backing and not intending any Exodus, threatened that the refusal of the necessary wherewithal could mean no mail delivery on Saturdays, as well as other dire things. Nowadays, apparently, it is not necessary to hold punitive miracles over people's heads: You can gain your point merely by threatening to suspend existing ones. The Appropriations Committee, a mail-conscious body if ever there was one, quickly granted Mr. Summerfield $17 million as a stopgap.

Age 4 . . . He Works Every Day Till Midnight

This is Antonis Pavolopoulos, age 4. At an hour when other children are sleeping, he sells almonds at an outdoor cafe every day till midnight. Thus he struggles to support himself. His ill parents cannot even provide him with his most basic need—his daily food. Two older children cannot find work, for this area in Greece is economically depressed. Like Antonis the younger children sell almonds to keep from starving. "Home" is one room with no ceiling. "Bed" is a bundle of old rags on the cement floor. Antonis begged his parents for permission to work. He cried till his father made a wooden basket for him. He tries to wrap the almonds himself in the little paper cones, but his tiny hands are too small. Only the parents' anguish of misery and poverty forced them to permit Antonis to work. Heartsick and weary, they look with despair on Antonis and their other children who go to bed at night only with hunger and distress. Won't you help a distressed child like Antonis and his family—for your help today means hope for tomorrow.

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PEOPLE TO PEOPLE

To the Editor: I was indeed interested in William Harlan Hale's article, "Every Man an Ambassador," in the March 21 issue of *The Reporter.* I am purchasing copies of this to distribute to the various members of my committee and presume that many of the People to People Committee will do likewise.

This is a real contribution to a better understanding of the purpose of this Presidential committee.

THEODORE S. REPPLIER
President
The Advertising Council, Inc.
Washington, D.C.

To the Editor: I don't go along with William Faulkner's idea of making every American shut up and prohibiting Americans from traveling abroad for a year, but I assume that when he said this he was expecting to get some pretty snappy comebacks which would add to the spice of discussions with his Committee.

CYRUS S. CHING
Washington, D.C.

To the Editor: Thank you very much for the boost given to the program.

ARTHUR LARSON
Director
U.S. Information Agency
Washington, D.C.

To the Editor: As a former State Department and U.S. Information officer, I have studied this development from the beginning in September of last year. I think Mr. Hale's article is well written in its description of the varied efforts made toward accomplishment of the President's objective of common understanding. I personally have some reservations as to the reaction abroad to such a widespread and apparently spontaneous and sincere activity. The tendency in our country, demonstrated by history, is to seize an appealing idea and play it for all it's worth, sometimes to the exhaustion of the beneficiary.

With so many involved in this new program, it seems we must be particularly careful that the principle of communication does not give way to the principle of propaganda or straight publicity. Among the earlier difficulties of the U.S. Information Program in Europe was the "split philosophical approach" by which our information and cultural officers, in their mission of presenting America, its potentialities, and its foreign policy in a very favorable light, found in many instances that the foreign nationals, enthusiastic and hopeful over the possibilities of visiting the United States, were only frustrated, if not rebuffed, by the elaborate mechanisms established in our consulates for the control of travel to America. This, combined with the lack of a unified foreign policy, as expressed by representatives of the State Department sometimes differing from the expression of the U.S. Information Agency officers, brought about additional confusion. There would appear to be a danger of overselling this "People to People Program."

The merit, attractiveness, and validity of the program are beyond question. The timing of various stages and the worldwide publicity attendant on these developments poses a far more serious consideration. It would seem essential that the spontaneity of these early months be kept alive. If this can be done the basic sincerity and wholeheartedness of each American will eventually be recognized abroad and serve as a major force to the improvement of international understanding.

DAVIS O. HARRINGTON
Royal McBee Corporation
Port Chester, New York

To the Editor: Mr. Hale tells a fine story about the important People to People Program, but I do regret that he did not include a good statement on the importance of the youth activities. I am of the opinion that the Youth Committee of the People to People Program with its thirty-two agencies participating, many of which have counterparts abroad, will undoubtedly influence more people than any other committee and at a point in the lives where this influence will be of tremendous value to the future.

Understand, I am not critical. It is only that I regret that this very important work was not included.

ARTHUR A. SCHUCK
Chief Scout Executive
Boy Scouts of America
New Brunswick, New Jersey

To the Editor: William Harlan Hale's article is a timely reminder that travel agents should advise the two million tourists they help send abroad each year that every man is an ambassador. Whether they realize it or not, Americans abroad are constantly observed. Their actions, speech, and conduct help to shape foreign opinion of our country.

There is a very useful booklet, "What Should I Know When I Travel Abroad," published by the Common Council for American Unity, Willkie Memorial Build-

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ing, 20 West 40th Street, New York 18, which should be included with every traveler's tickets.

R. W. HEMPHILL
President
American Society of
Travel Agents, Inc.
New York

To the Editor: For most of the past decade I have advocated a more gainful employment of the traveler as a force for good in propagating democratic processes, mutual understanding, and peace among the peoples of the world. This may seem like a large mouthful, but certainly worth the chewing when we stop to consider its ultimate benefits.

Recently, I recommended to the American Society of Travel Agents that it consider working for the designation by President Eisenhower of an annual World Travel Week. It was my feeling that such a proclamation would serve to focus world attention on travel and tourists and set the scene for countless good strokes on the part of every facet of the industry in promoting the worthy tenets of the People to People Program. As World Travel Week's theme I suggested the slogan "See the World and Meet the People."

NORMAN READER
Public Information Director
French Government Tourist Office
New York

THE FLOOD THAT *WAS*

To the Editor: In the February 21 issue of your always interesting publication there was a *Reporter's* "Note" headed "The Flood That Wasn't" which may have left some readers with a mistaken impression of the January floods in the South.

Your comment applied only to the situation around Chattanooga, of course, and in that narrow sense the title was quite justified. Unfortunately, the people in large areas of eastern Kentucky, West Virginia, and southwestern Virginia were not so lucky. Nearly twelve thousand homes in these states were damaged. Hundreds were destroyed. Approximately thirty thousand people driven from homes by water had to be sheltered and fed. It became necessary for Red Cross to assign nearly 350 staff workers to the area, many for a considerable time, to help the victims get back on their feet. And Red Cross has had to budget well over $4 million for this particular operation. Hence, to Red Cross it is hardly a "Flood That Wasn't."

As a result of the "Flood That *Was*" in the lower Appalachian region, the Red Cross has had to increase the goal of its current 1957 Campaign for Members and Funds to a total of $95 million. The American people have always given generously to Red Cross and are doing so again this year, of course. But they are hardly likely to *increase* their giving—as must be done if Red Cross's capacity to respond quickly in disaster is to be restored —if the idea gets around that this flood "wasn't."

So, with no desire to quarrel or quibble over your original premise, we do feel you could render a genuine service to the American people in their own behalf by noting that there *was* a flood in the lower Appalachian region in late January and that it has exhausted the Red Cross disaster funds *and* reserve funds. There has never been a greater need for contributing to your Red Cross than there is today.

HARRY MARTIN
Director
Office of Public Information
The American National Red Cross
Washington, D.C.

IN RE SEC

To the Editor: I regretted the sneer at the Philippines which occurred in the jingle on the second page (*The Reporter*, April 4). It is much more than an island in the sea, and there is urgent reason for having the "first and fittest in the line of major-league diplomacy" sent there.

I am sorry also to see language made the sole criterion in other appointments. When Mr. Conant went to Germany, he could not speak German, though he made a great effort to learn it very promptly. Mr. Bruce is a seasoned and accomplished diplomat, a symbol of bipartisanship, and if his only deficiency is current lack of being able to speak German, I do not think that should be decisive. What Mr. Houghton will do we will know at a later time.

I think it is essential for our professionals to have high language competence, but not nearly so important for the non-professionals, though it is desirable they should attempt to acquire it.

HENRY M. WRISTON
Executive Director
The American Assembly
Graduate School of Business
Columbia University
New York

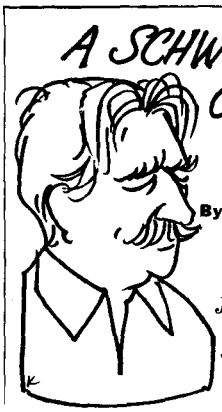
LINES TO SEC

To thee I dedicate these humble rhymes,
Whose poetry, enticing in its style,
Has little use for garish jargon, while
Expounding gross injustice in our times.

These timely poems the cells of thought excite,
Congealed by daily waves of witless prose;
And every line reveals profound insight
Of world events, of truth and how it grows.

Continue swiftly social myths to wreck,
Thou brave, undaunted, controversial SEC.

DR. J. E. CONKLIN
Panama City, Florida



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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

IT IS A truism but too many people forget it: What counts in Russia is the Russians. In one of the very early issues of this magazine (August 10, 1949), **Max Ascoli** pointed out in an editorial that "the Soviet man is . . . perhaps the most important fact of our contemporary life . . . for our own survival we must try to see clearly what he is to us." And he added: "Man is never totally motionless or uniform; even the Soviet man changes." Once again *The Reporter* takes a look at the Russian people, who, though molded by their régime and imprisoned within it, alone can change it. We look at the Russian soldier, for whom memories of Stalingrad are now tarnished by memories of Budapest. What happens to the morale of an army, especially a "people's army," when it is called upon to shoot down plain working people and peasants? **George Bailey** is exceptionally well qualified to answer this question, for he knows the Russian soldier at first hand. In 1945 he was General Walter Bedell Smith's interpreter in Russian and German at the surrender negotiations in Rheims. He was chief liaison officer to the Fifth Russian Guards Assault Army in Czechoslovakia and later was in Weimar with the Eleventh Russian Guards Shock Army. From 1951 to 1954 he was liaison officer to the Soviet forces in Germany, and from 1954 to 1956 was Senior Consultant on Soviet Affairs at the Pentagon (DAC).

The Italian novelist **Alberto Moravia** gives us his traveler's impressions of Russia with a novelist's skill and understanding.

Louis Fischer made his first trip to Russia in 1922. His article is based on a chapter from *Russia Revisited: A New Look at Russia and Her Satellites,* which Doubleday will publish in August.

THE VIEWS of Hollywood and the motion-picture industry that Robert Ardrey has given us (January 24, February 21, March 21) have aroused wide comment. **Dore Schary** now gives another side of the picture, based on his own experience. Mr. Schary, writer, producer, and executive, has served in Hollywood for almost twenty-five years. During the last eight and a half years he was head of M-G-M studios. He now intends to go into a diversified program that will keep him writing, and possibly producing some plays in addition to motion pictures.

Edmond Taylor, our regular European correspondent, describes one of the most important and controversial political figures in West Germany today: that nation's new Defense Minister, Franz-Josef Strauss. The recent publication of John Robinson Beal's biography of Secretary Dulles and the controversy this book has aroused may perhaps focus even sharper public attention on Senator Fulbright's newly launched investigation of American Middle East policy. Contributing Editor **William Harlan Hale** has just returned from Washington with a story founded on his talks with the chief figures concerned with the investigation.

Patricia Alvis Kosobud's short story "Interim" is the first she has published. **Sydney D. Bailey,** U.N. representative of the Friends World Committee (Quakers), has written a history of Ceylon and is the author of a textbook on British government to be published shortly by Houghton Mifflin. **Christine Weston** was born in the United Provinces of India of French and English parents, and lived in India until her marriage in 1924. Since then she has lived in the United States.

Roger Maren, who describes the new and fantastic instruments science has now put into the hands of composers of music, is a young musicologist living in Princeton. **David Demarest Lloyd** served in the American embassies in Paris and London after the war as a legal consultant; he is executive director of the Harry S. Truman Library, Inc., in Washington, D. C.

Our cover, a rendering of the Church of St. Basil in Moscow, is by **Ruth Fluno.**

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THE MAGAZINE OF FACTS AND IDEAS

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The Road to Dishonor That Ended in Budapest

GEORGE BAILEY

THE SOVIET SOLDIER, as a soldier, has ceased to exist. The organization to which he belongs is no longer an army but a political police force. In the week from November 3 to November 10, 1956, during which it reinvaded and reoccupied the whole of Hungary, the Soviet Army was degraded from a military force in good standing to the crudest type of political police organ. As a result, its loss of general prestige and self-respect is incalculable.

Significantly, more has been made within the Communist bloc than in the West of this compromising of the Soviet Army. The Soviet government and Communist Party have demonstrated extreme sensitivity on the role of the Soviet Army in the suppression of the Hungarian revolution. Polish Communists report that Marshal Zhukov has officially rebuked Marshal Konev, the commander of the Warsaw Pact forces, for his "premature decision" to commit the Soviet Army in Hungary. Throughout the Communist bloc, the Soviet soldier has been stigmatized with the ironic title of "Hero of Budapest."

The derogation of the Soviet Army was inevitable, for the Soviet soldier has always been, avowedly, a "political soldier." "The Soviet Army is a political Army," reads its handbook. It was formed as a force in the service of Communism and has remained so. It has also been—again avowedly—a school of Communist instruction for the masses, particularly for the peasants who form the overwhelming majority of Soviet soldiery.

In practice this meant the imposition of political commissars or, as they are now called, "zampolits" (political representatives), who permeate all levels of the army. This, in turn, resulted in overlapping jurisdictions between military and political authorities and a consequent tangling of command channels.

It was not until 1942, after a series of military catastrophes, that Stalin agreed to establish unity of command in the Soviet Army by restricting the prerogatives of political officers. But the damage was already done: The Communist Party cadres within the army were ossified in a hierarchic military pattern, while military discipline and initiative were undermined by political pressures.

Serving Two Masters

In giving disciplinary priority to political misdemeanors, Soviet commanders have always been forced to minimize breaches of military discipline. A Soviet soldier who destroys military property while drunk or otherwise disorderly will get off lightly—a few days in the guardhouse—as long as there is no suspicion that he was politically motivated. On the other hand, one word criticizing the political system is likely to bring down a sentence of five years at hard labor upon the most model soldier.

Thus the Soviet commander must relax military discipline because he cannot officially relax political discipline. In practice, however, he ends up by relaxing both. The Soviet commander is obliged to cover politically for his men in order to establish and maintain *esprit de corps*. He must and does create oases of freedom within the rigid structure of political supervision; and this in itself amounts to a kind of sabotage of the entire system. The roles of the military commander and the political officer are almost reversed. Instead of the political officer's interceding with the military commander on behalf of the men, it is the military commander who intercedes with the political officer.

This conflict of primary allegiances was the basis of Zhukov's quarrel with Stalin. It was also one of the main levers operating in the overthrow of Beria and the jacking down of the Soviet political police system at large. The joke on Zhukov is that in reducing the influence of the political officers and the MVD generally, he inadvertently maneuvered the army into a position similar to that formerly occupied by the MVD. The authority of a police state has to rest on some mass power factor, if not the political police force then the army.

The awkward position of the Soviet Army in Hungary was not accidental. Following the Soviet Army's intervention in East Germany in 1953 and its preparation for intervention in Poland in 1956, the Soviet soldier in Hungary was once and for all exposed as what, in essence, he always has been—a political instrument.

Hitler's invasion of the Soviet Union made people forget the imperialist role of the Red Army in the invasion of Finland (during which the Soviet soldier's morale and combat efficiency sank to a record low) and presented the Soviet Union with a legitimate excuse for invading eastern Europe and Germany. For the first time in Soviet history, patriotic motivation supplanted but also served Communist motivation. The commanding general of a Soviet Army corps once put it this way: "When Hitler claimed at the end of

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1941 that he had destroyed the Soviet Army he was right. In doing so, however, he revealed himself as a ruthless invader and so contributed decisively to the creation of a *Russian* Army; and it was the Russian Army, not the Soviet Army, that won the day at Stalingrad, overran eastern Europe, and took Berlin."

Burning Words

In spite of his subjection to intense political indoctrination, the Soviet soldier is about as apolitical as a soldier can be. Few things have been more vastly overrated by the West than Soviet propaganda for domestic consumption. Apart from its essential contradictions—the captive worker and peasant audience knows from its own experience that the political officer or party agitator is a barefaced liar—the very intensity and crudeness of its presentation either bores or irritates.

This writer asked a Soviet sergeant in 1952 which newspapers he preferred. "*Pravda* is certainly the best," he answered. "Then come *Izvestia* and *Red Star*, and the rest of them are pretty much on a par. But German newspapers are bad—can't compare with ours."

"Oh, you read German too?"

"Read!? Who's talking about reading? We smoke them—wrap them around our tobacco and smoke them. And *Pravda* is the best. I know: I've smoked them all. It's the fine, thin paper that does it. German newspapers are too thick and coarse."

When pressed, the sergeant remarked that he had read *Pravda* on November 17, 1950—an allusion to a now famous issue that mentioned Stalin by name 101 times on the front page alone.

Some Deserters

The actual motivation of the Soviet soldier is exclusively patriotic. Communist attempts to convert this feeling into a political one have failed miserably. Continuing proof of the impotence of the political cadre within the Army is provided by the phenomenon of Soviet military defection.

The story of disaffection and desertion within the Soviet Army is one of the most extraordinary chapters in modern military history. According to the recent *The Red Army*, a book edited by B. H. Liddell Hart, three of the Soviet Army's five marshals, nine of its thirteen full generals, and almost half of its corps and divisional generals were executed during the purges of 1936 and 1938. During the Second World War thirteen Soviet generals—including Major General Vlasov, an army commander—and two thousand other officers deserted. The total number of deserters among Soviet soldiers was in the tens of thousands. Many of these deserters enlisted in General Vlasov's Russian Army of Liberation, which numbered three divisions by the end of the war. A great many Soviet soldiers who did not desert but surrendered also joined. Postwar Soviet military defection, within its own terms, is even more startling. There is no way of tallying the number of Soviet Army defectors since 1945 with any accuracy, but the number runs into the thousands.

As a U.S. Army liaison officer to the Red Army, I met my first Soviet defector in July, 1945, in Czechoslovakia. A Soviet first lieutenant wearing an imposing array of battle medals presented himself at the Visitors' Bureau of the local Army headquarters and announced that he was surrendering.

"But you can't surrender to us," the flabbergasted Americans replied. "We are allies."

"Excuse me," said the lieutenant, "but it is precisely because you are allies that I can surrender to you—with honor. I am a veteran of Stalingrad and have been wounded five times. I couldn't surrender to the Germans because they were just as bad as the Soviets. But now the war is over; I have done my bit for my country." The lieutenant was kept three weeks by the Americans while the problem was referred to higher headquarters. Ultimately he had to be returned to the Soviet Army.

"How can I trust my officers," expostulated a senior Soviet commander in 1946, "when I know that the man I discuss operations with today may defect tomorrow?" The general's concern was justified, for Soviet military defection has continued in spite of the fact that the western Allies set calamitous precedents by returning early postwar defectors and the fact that the Soviet government in November, 1945, restricted to official functions all contact between the Soviet Army and foreigners. Even today, when political officers warn that defectors are invariably shot by the western Allies, an average of one soldier or officer per week succeeds in defecting. Even MVD "action agents" (political assassins) have thrown themselves on the

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mercy of their designated victims and requested asylum. The most important of these was MVD Captain Nikolai Kokhlov, who surrendered in 1954 to George Okholovich, a leading member of the NTS, an émigré Russian revolutionary organization. Kokhlov, as head of a three-man team, was under orders to liquidate Okholovich. The other members of the team, two East German Communists, were entrapped by Allied authorities with Kokhlov's assistance.

Alone, Alone

It is difficult to appreciate at what sacrifice the Soviet soldier undertakes and accomplishes defection. The Russian's gregariousness, his attraction to the mass of Russians, is extraordinary. Here Communist doctrine and Russian ethnic and cultural reality have coincided perfectly. When a Russian defects he does so alone. (Group defection or defection in pairs is rare.) He is utterly forlorn and often in the same emotional and psychological state as a fighter pilot who has just bailed out of a burning plane. "I am alone, alone!" sobbed a Soviet captain two days after he defected. After two years of frustration in the West, he returned to his fate in Russia.

Until the fall of Beria, returnees to the Soviet Union were either shot or sentenced to slow death at hard labor and short rations in Siberia. Even the tens of thousands of displaced persons who were returned to the Soviet Union under the auspices of the Soviet repatriation teams immediately after the war were isolated for years on end in "corrective" labor camps. Since then, however, returnees and defectors have become pawns in an ideological chess game between the Soviet Union and the West. For tactical reasons, therefore, the lot of returnees of all sorts has improved considerably.

With the establishment of the "Return to the Homeland Committee" in January, 1955, under Major General Mikhailov in east Berlin, the Soviet Union mounted and has maintained an intensive "redefection" campaign based on the failure of the West—especially of the United States—to appreciate the significance of the defector. It is easy to keep score in this game. Every defector is a point for the West. Every redefector represents at least two points for the Soviet Union because he is exploited to propagandize the futility of defection in the first place.

Unfortunately, the story of indifference and callous unconcern told by the redefector to his countrymen may be largely true. The defector may be applauded and even feted in the West for a day or two—if the press finds him sufficiently newsworthy. But usually he is quickly forgotten.

An ordinary defector's motivation is made up of a complex of reasons and impulses. The recurrent explanation runs something like this: "I went home on leave for my birthday and my family couldn't offer me so much as a piece of bread." The Soviet soldier's discontent with economic conditions is basic and stems from his recognition of the contrast between conditions at home and his situation in the army, where his care is simple but sufficient. The contrast is heightened, of course, when the soldier is stationed in a comparatively prosperous satellite country. The letters the Soviet soldier receives from home play an enormous part. They are often veritable sagas describing Cousin Elena's quest for a pair of shoes, Aunt Tanya's fruitless odyssey in search of a pair of glasses, etc. Many of these letters contain such hair-raising reminders of Soviet reality that political officers feel obliged to intercept and withhold them if the censor does not.

In Hungary

Contrary to rumor, Soviet Army defection in Hungary was minimal. It is, after all, worse than futile to defect to a side that is patently doomed to defeat. Also, Hungarian insurgents were in no mood to accept defectors. On one occasion the insurgents actually rejected a Soviet tank crew who attempted to surrender. The Russians were disarmed and were then told to go back to their own side. To date only one officer and four men have made their way into Austria and requested asylum. These men are generally typical of the run of Soviet defectors. They were discontented with economic conditions under the Soviet system and spurred to desperation by the debacle in Hungary.

THE FIRST defector from Hungary into Austria was Vassily Mamehdov, a twenty-two-year-old Azerbaijani who had served three years in the Soviet Army in Hungary. (He was scheduled to return home for demobilization on October 26 last year.)

As a car and truck mechanic, in his homeland Mamehdov has earned as much as a thousand rubles a month filling private orders in addition to his regular job. He thus—atypically—had no particular economic grievance and looked forward to his release from the army. During an interview I asked Mamehdov what he thought of Hungarians. "I don't think anything of Hungarians," he replied, "because I don't know them. In three years in Hungary I never once received a pass to go into town or anywhere else outside the regimental area. But I know the Hungarians were fighting for their freedom. For three years the political officer told us that the Hungarians loved the Soviet Union. Then all of a sudden he tells us that the Hungarians are capitalists who hate the Soviet Union. A lot of the boys knew this was bunk and said so."

What prompted Mamehdov to defect? "I gave a Hungarian some machine-gun ammunition in exchange for some vodka. A lot of this sort of trading went on. In a neighboring regiment fifty-six soldiers were sent home under guard for giving out ammunition to the Hungarians. That meant a firing squad or twenty-five years' hard labor according to Soviet law, so I knew what to expect."

Another defector, a twenty-four-

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year-old Great Russian, tried to shoot his commanding officer when the latter cursed him in the presence of some Hungarian peasants. This was after the revolution and the soldier had been talking with the Hungarians. He was disarmed and incarcerated in a cellar but managed to escape.

'Workers and Peasants'

But Soviet military defection, as startling as it is, is but a symptom of the disease affecting the Soviet Army. While one Soviet general bewailed the defection of his officers and men, one of his assistant chiefs of staff was discreetly handing over classified Soviet military intelligence documents to Allied officers "for their information and future guidance." The officer in question, and a great many other officers and men like him, did not defect.

In any case, the impact of the Hungarian revolution on the Soviet Army, and through it on the Soviet system, cannot be truly measured in terms of defection. The Soviet soldier's oath of allegiance still describes the organization he serves as a "workers' and peasants' army." In Hungary he was ordered to crush an uprising of peasants and workers whose demands were and are identical with his own. Yet the most damaging blow dealt by the Hungarians to the Soviet system was not the armed uprising but the general strike that accompanied and followed it. For the first time in history the Soviet soldier was used as a strike-breaker.

In a letter written on November 30 last year by a Great Russian student at the Lomonosov University in Moscow and published by the Austrian magazine *Forum,* a formal university discussion of Hungary is described: ". . . Finally, Lenin's classical formulation of the mission of the new type of party [the Communist Party] was cited. It is the duty of the new type of party to espouse and give direction to workers' demands which are proclaimed in a general strike. The new type of party, however, must never take action against a general strike by using the methods of the bourgeois exploiter states—with summary courts, armed coercion, and the enforced dissolution of the workers' councils." At this point, the professor conducting the discussion left the hall.

Simultaneously, the same sort of discussions were taking place in the garrisons of the Moscow military district. These reached such a pitch of indignation that the Komsomol cadres within the garrisons were forced to deal with the situation in an open discussion. The resolution passed at the end of this conference reads in part as follows: "In various recent party meetings, demagogic elements from the ranks of youth have breached the structure of inner-party democracy, misused the right to criticize, and directed massive, largely unjustified attacks against local and central party functionaries, against the party leadership and against the system itself. These attacks, which have ensued under the guise of ultrarevolutionary slogans, have been intensified to the point of becoming reactionary and counter-revolutionary threats."

'Pseudo-Socialist State'

Since the Second World War, a large percentage of the Soviet male population has spent at least two years abroad in a Soviet army of occupation. The soldier is the only member of Soviet society, excepting diplomatic personnel, who is allowed abroad in any numbers worth mentioning. He is inevitably a poor ambassador. But he makes a good ambassador for the West when he returns to the Soviet Union, is demobilized, and tells his tale.

Last October, when the armored divisions stationed in East Germany were alerted to proceed back to Poland, a near panic ensued. Soviet commanders were thunderstruck. Tanks ran into ditches, stripped their gears, got lost, and half demolished corner houses in the pell-mell toward the Polish border. It was anything but an orderly movement.

But it was in Hungary that the Soviet soldier lost his military honor and the last vestiges of morale. Soviet garrisons are already ringing with a new and hitherto unheard-of slogan: "Socialist revolution against the pseudo-socialist state!"

The ferment within the army and elsewhere in the Soviet Union is as unorganized and blind as it is strong. There is no "movement" and there are no leaders to direct and encourage a movement. The moment a potential leader appears he is forced to conform or is removed. Thus the "demagogic elements" born of the Hungarian revolution must find their way up through the constricted arteries of the Soviet cadre system. They must usurp Communist legitimacy rather than attack it outright.

To judge from the recent repeated use of words like "ultrarevolutionary" by the one side and "pseudo-socialist state" by the other, the direction of usurpation has already been recognized and taken. It is therefore unlikely, barring additional upheavals of Hungarian magnitude, that an anti-Communist movement as such will develop.

It would be extremely unwise to underestimate the importance of the current ferment within the Soviet Army. It would be equally unwise to overestimate it, for the Soviet soldier still has the handicap of a long tradition of passive obedience. Moreover, he can be diverted from his present direction in a number of ways. For one, if for instance the West were to fall into the error of pursuing an anti-Russian as opposed to an anti-Soviet policy, such a course would drive the Soviet soldier back into the arms of the Presidium and allow the Communists once again to harness his patriotic motivation, his "Russianness," to a Communist-imperialist end.

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A Novelist's Thoughts In Post-Stalinist Russia

ALBERTO MORAVIA

I ARRIVED in Moscow on the second of May. The great dark edifices on Gorki Avenue were still decorated with waving red banners and gigantic portraits of the present leaders of the government. Beneath this magnificent display the holiday crowd on the sidewalks was uniformly shabby, most of them dressed in somber colors, many without hats or ties. And yet they weren't all working people; it was a typical Soviet crowd, and besides workers there were intellectuals, bureaucrats, peasants, students, store clerks, and so on.

Seeing this crowd—and later on the impression was confirmed when I visited private homes, restaurants, and night clubs—I realized that even before the revolution was socialist it was equalitarian. Since 1917 all citizens of the Soviet Union have been brought down to the level of workers, and today they cannot hope to improve their condition except with the workers.

The face of the Soviet Union reveals the austere, uniform, dignified poverty of working-class humanity. This poverty—or if one prefers, this shabby simplicity—does not stand in contrast, as it sometimes does in the West, to the ostentatious swank of luxurious consumer goods turned out for a restricted class of rich people. Urban life in the Soviet Union has the look of poverty not so much because the people are actually poor (on the contrary, we know that all of them have savings, even the most poorly paid workers) but rather because there is little to buy and that little of mediocre quality.

The Soviet worker, and with him the society of the country, is still very class-conscious in the sense that the style and mode of life proper to its working class has been extended to all other categories and groups. The symbol of this class consciousness can be recognized in the image of Lenin that has been consecrated by the official iconography: He is dressed in shabby or inelegant clothes and wears a worker's cap. In this sense the phrase "dictatorship of the proletariat" is much more than mere propaganda and describes an actual situation. It explains not only the general appearance of urban life in the Soviet Union but also the monopoly exercised by the state in all fields, its coercive powers, the propaganda—in short, the totalitarianism.

Bric-a-Brac at the Airport

The Communist mentality is certainly determined by the scarcity of consumers' goods; yet in its turn it determines that scarcity by depriving the Soviet citizen of the development of individual tastes and directing his ambition toward purely social goals.

The aesthetic aspect of urban life in the Soviet Union is not even functional, as it is in most other heavily industrialized countries. Let us take just one example, the airports. The airport in Europe and America is the place where industrial civilization becomes futuristic, where one seems to catch a glimpse of the world as it will be tomorrow: long expanses of glass that look out on vast, abstract landing fields, metals, crystals, cleanliness, glitter, nudity. But the airports of the Soviet Union are frankly backward-looking, caught in the past. The large airports look like the neoclassic salons of some great Czarist landowner; the small ones resemble bourgeois living rooms in Chekhov's plays.

I remember when I had to wait for more than an hour at dawn in a remote airport in Kazakhstan. Seated beside my valise with nothing to do but stare sleepily around me, I observed my surroundings carefully. At the windows hung velvet draperies (it seems that all public buildings are adorned by this shiny dark state-manufactured velvet, sometimes red, sometimes blue); beneath these hung curtains of openwork embroidery; and finally, beneath the curtains, right next to the window-panes, were pleated half-curtains. The numerous tables in the room were covered by heavy cloths decorated with designs of flowers and birds, and the chairs were shrouded in summer coverings. On the tables were embroidered centerpieces and vases of flowers wrapped in picot-edged wax paper. Richly colored rugs from Bokhara and Samarkand covered the floor, and on the walls above some red damask hangings were portraits of Khrushchev, Voroshilov, Malenkov, and Bulganin. There was a huge canvas of Stalin, standing upright against the background of a landscape reddened by the dawn. A plaster statue of Stalin raised its arm in one corner, and in another corner there was the famous adulatory duo of Lenin listening deferentially to Stalin. Everywhere gimcracks, bric-a-brac, ribbed lampshades with fringes and pendants, tassels, cloths, flowers—a typical nineteenth-century superfluity.

I HAVE DWELT on the airports because an airport in neoclassic style seems almost incredible to me. But much the same could be said of the hotels, restaurants, clubs, and all other public places in the Soviet Union. One meets the same spectacle everywhere: a twentieth-century working-class crowd living amid nineteenth-century surroundings. In other words, society in the Soviet Union, at least for the moment, has incongruously failed to acquire practical, utilitarian traits from its own technology.

Victorian Society

At first glance, Soviet society seems puritanical, psychologically involved, ceremonious, and much more complicated than one might think beneath the collective uniformity. At the same time it is dominated by an intense and patriotic social sense whose ideological rigidity is testified to by the suicides of the poet Vladimir Mayakovsky and the novelist Alexander A. Fadayev. The first did away with himself at the beginning of Stalinism because the conformists were outlawing him; the second shot

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himself at the end of Stalinism because the anti-conformists were outlawing him.

In short, Soviet society, right down to the present day, is a Victorian society—meaning a society that fabricates an image of itself far removed from reality. All this is the outcome of the social and psychological censorship produced by two revolutions and several terrible and victorious wars. This censorship is potent and profound, and Soviet society obviously still has to undergo a long period of growth and development.

A Tourist in Tashkent

I confess I am surprised. The very name of Central Asia evoked in my mind the picture of a region semi-desert in character, with sleepy towns built out of dried mud, half-ruined mosques covered with blue-tiled mosaics, the sun poised like a javelin overhead; dust, donkeys, and beggars. Where did I get these pictures? Perhaps from other journeys in Asia or from one to the Middle East, perhaps from a remembrance of the slick, melancholy music of Borodin or from my readings long ago in the books of nineteenth-century explorers.

Yet Tashkent, the capital of Uzbekistan and the chief city of Central Asia—with more than a million inhabitants—does not at all resemble this picture. At first sight, while the automobile was carrying me toward the Uzbek Writers' House of Rest, Tashkent appeared to be a city literally buried in greenery—the luxuriant vegetation of one hundred and twenty-seven oases formed in the steppe by the abundant waters of Uzbekistan's two great rivers, Amu Darya and Syr Darya.

The car was racing along and I was half listening to the remarks of the Uzbek writers who had met me at the airport (Uzbekistan, the home of Tamerlane, Avicenna, and numerous other great men, was once one of the most civilized countries of Asia) and partly watching the cool and shadowy tree-lined avenues that looked like tunnels dug through the foliage, the squares that seemed like small forests, the leafy parks and flowering gardens everywhere. The city peeped out here and there from this exuberant vegetation, showing forth now as the usual anonymous Soviet buildings, now as rows of humble Asian huts built of dried mud.

At Tashkent, they informed me, thirty per cent of the population is Russian (having migrated there mostly during Czarist times) and seventy per cent Uzbek. On the broad avenues where old, crowded trolley cars tottered along beneath the great summery trees, I noticed Russian matrons dressed in black leading pale blonde little girls by the hand and dark, sun-withered Uzbek women dressed in vivid cretonnes with long black braids hanging over their breasts and their brown babies stuck in sacks on their backs. I also saw blond soldiers of the Red Army, heads shaven to the scalp, tunics pulled in tightly at the

waist by huge wide belts, walking among small, yellow, wrinkled Tartars togged out in half-length jackets and karakul caps. On the streets big trucks, driven fast and recklessly by Russian drivers, threatened patient little donkeys ridden by old men with beards and turbans.

We passed in front of a large building with Corinthian columns—the city's theater. Reading from a poster, I spelled out the name "Carlo Goldoni." A Russian company was giving a performance of *The Mistress of the Inn*. A little way down the same street, I saw a white crenellated wall, an onion-shaped cupola, and the fragile minaret of a mosque. Every once in a while Europe would appear—drugstores, shops selling radios and television sets, municipal fountains and monuments sculpted according to the most conventional models of nineteenth-century naturalism. But immediately afterward Asia would appear—entire quarters of dried-mud huts, high white walls, dust-laden alleyways, roofs of grass-covered sod.

Automation on the Steppes

While in Tashkent, I visited a great *combinat* (or factory) employing tens of thousands of workers, where the cotton harvested on the Uzbek steppes passed through all the phases of industrial transformation—from boll to thread, from thread to white cloth, and finally from white to cretonne cloth printed in bright colors. But this *combinat*, made up of numerous pavilions and buildings constructed in the usual uniform gray Soviet state-monopoly style, was different from factories I had seen in Moscow and Leningrad because of the luxuriant gardens that surrounded the buildings.

I was received in a decidedly unmodern office (velvet drapes, the usual pictures of Khrushchev, Bulganin, and Malenkov, a desk with a marble inkwell the lid of which was carved in the shape of Lenin's head, an armchair and footstool) and was welcomed by the Russian factory director, a middle-aged woman, not ugly but certainly massive, who wore a severe and rather sad expression on her face. After the ritual questions about production, organization, the number of workers employed, the welfare and cultural activities (hospitals, schools, libraries, clubs, etc.) that were attached to the *combinat*, we proceeded to the inspection of the factory. I don't know much about industrial matters, but so far as I could see, the number of workers had been reduced to a minimum by a certain amount of automation. But what I noticed above all was the fact that almost all of the workers, both men and women, were Russians; there were very few Uzbeks. Later on I noticed the same thing in a factory that produces almost all of the green tea drunk in Central Asia. There too, both directors and workers were all Russians.

I DEDUCED that the industrial revolution in Central Asia, a region traditionally populated by nomads

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and farmers, is for the moment promoted principally by Russians. On the other hand, farming and agricultural marketing had been left to the Uzbeks. I visited a *kolkhoz* market, one among many in Tashkent, and found only Uzbek peasants. Dressed in colorful national costumes with bright skullcaps, men and women with brown skins, flat features, and Mongolian eyes stood immobile as if in deep contemplation behind stalls on which were displayed the produce of their countryside: pyramids of strawberries, small sacks of millet and corn, braids of onions and garlic, cucumbers, radishes, mutton, and fish from the rivers. The atmosphere was entirely Asian, lacking the noise and confusion that distinguishes similar places in the West.

Racial Equality

Although industry seems to be exclusively a Russian affair and agriculture exclusively Uzbek, in all the social activities of this singular city the races mixed together in complete equality. I had occasion to prove this to my own satisfaction by going to the very source of this symbiosis, paying a visit to a children's nursery. In the room for infants from six months to a year old, I walked among the cribs with a woman doctor and a nurse. There next to blond, pink babies with blue eyes and milky skins lay babies with dark skins, black hair, tilted eyes, and that expression of meditative gravity which one often sees on the statues of Buddha. The two races of Central Asia were mixed up together in the same room, drowsing in infancy's innocent sleep. Each one of these babies, I could not help thinking, could become, according to his race, a Tamerlane or a Tolstoy.

The next day I had another confirmation of the social equality of the two races. I went to the huge stadium of Tashkent for a festival of dances and songs. It was a gay and beautiful spectacle, but an extremely long one because of the insistence on alternating Asian song and dance with European. While the sun blazed down from the bluest sky in the world on the banners of sixteen Soviet Republics, the lullabies and savage dances of Central Asia were followed by Cossack dances and the melancholy songs of the Russians, Ukrainians, and Byelorussians. An immense crowd was watching, and it also was a mixture of Russians and Asians. The festival was obviously intended to celebrate the union of Soviet Europe with Soviet Asia.

Marxism Has Two Faces

These peripheral republics often seem more prosperous and advanced than the metropolitan republics. I observed, just to cite the example of Uzbekistan, that a *kolkhoz* on the outskirts of Samarkand enjoyed a much higher over-all income than one of equal importance in Russia or the Ukraine. This prosperity can be traced largely to cotton (sixty-five per cent of all Russian cotton comes from Central Asia), and yet it must be admitted that in a traditional colonial régime Uzbek cotton would only enrich the landowners, and the Uzbeks would get only meager profits from it.

But that is not all: Life in these Asian republics, though provincial, seems to be happier and freer than it is in Moscow or Leningrad. This is because in Moscow and Leningrad the first stages of the industrial revolution have been left behind long ago. (It was already started under the Czars.) For the Europeans of the Soviet Union, Marxism means complex and difficult problems—political, cultural, and social. But in Uzbekistan, where forty years ago there was still the sleepy and spitefully backward domination of the Khan, where the streets were tracks of dust, the cities clusters of mud huts, the donkey the most common form of transportation, and the population ninety per cent illiterate—in Uzbekistan the industrial revolution has barely started, and Marxism means technology, electrification, education, trolley cars, automobiles, and asphalt highways.

What I am getting at is that in Moscow and Leningrad Marxism seems to have become an obstacle to innovation and progress in politics and culture. In Uzbekistan, on the contrary, Marxism is the vehicle by which European science and culture are finally being brought into Asia. The problems of freedom, of one-party rule, of socialist realism, and so on may seem terribly important to the citizens of Moscow and Leningrad, but the citizens of Tashkent and Kokand are still transforming a handicraft economy into an industrial one.

THE QUESTION that arises inevitably in the traveler's mind after a trip like mine is whether the Soviet Union is an Asian or a European power—or, more precisely, whether the Soviet Union is becoming dominant in Asia or Europe, or in both continents.

There is no doubt that Uzbeks, Kazaks, Turkomans, and Tadzhiks look to the Soviet Union as their ideal country, to Marxism as the energetic ideology that has roused them out of the lethargy of many centuries, and to Moscow as their true capital. Half of the students at the universities in Moscow are Asian, and for many of these ex-Moslems the journey to Moscow has taken the place of the pilgrimage to Mecca.

But can one say the same for the Europeans, both those belonging to the People's Democracies and those of western nations? Anyone who has watched the many national delegations that go to Moscow every year sees in the Asians a subservient and chastened admiration for everything the Russians have done and are now doing, while the westerners temper their enthusiasm with a certain hesitancy and reserve—that is to say, with a critical spirit.

In other words, Russian Marxism is certainly the teacher of all those Asian peoples who have barely emerged from medievalism, yet at the same time Russian Marxism cannot help but be the pupil of the West—above all in cultural, artistic, and technical respects. One sees this in the contrasting attitude assumed by the Russians toward Orientals and westerners. Toward the former the Russians do not always succeed in concealing a certain sense of superiority, while in the presence of the latter their manner may be one of assertiveness but rarely one of confident superiority. The citizens of Moscow and Leningrad know very well that the Soviet Union has paid for the progress of its immense Asian territories with the relative slowing down of its progress in Europe.

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Constructio ad Absurdum: The Soviet Housing Crisis

LOUIS FISCHER

WHEN the renowned Bolshoi Ballet arrived in London from Moscow late last year, a special correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian* paid tribute to its technique but emphasized "its remarkable lack of taste and imagination in the matter of décor. The style tends to be at once out of date and shoddy. But," he continued—and here he unconsciously characterized Soviet architecture as well as the Soviet approach to many aspects of life—"compensation for lack of taste and inventiveness is provided, lavishly, by the immense scale of the productions . . ."

Communist gigantomania, love of the massive rather than the magnificent, the irrational rather than the functional, derives from a need to impress. Every totalitarian state yields to the temptation of conspicuous construction. The Soviet taste runs to Stalinallees, displays, parades, and façades.

In the Lenin Hills area of Moscow, the Soviet government is preparing to build a Palace of Soviets whose history goes back more than two decades. Stalin ordered the razing of the great white-walled, gold-domed Orthodox Cathedral of Christ the Saviour that towered over the city, and in its place he intended to erect a mammoth convention hall which, topped by a tall statue of Lenin, would be the highest building in the world. Enormous difficulties were encountered in laying the foundation in Moscow's quicksand subsoil, and work was finally suspended in 1941. Then last August 25, the Council of Ministers of the Soviet Union announced a competition to produce a new architectural design for it. The structure, according to the official statement, is to include a hall measuring 46,000 square feet with 4,600 seats; two chambers, each of 15,000 square feet, for the Council of the Union and the Council of Nationalities which constitute the Supreme Soviet and approve the acts of the Soviet government; a salon, with an area of 41,000 square feet for state banquets and receptions; and offices, washrooms, committee rooms, and so forth covering 64,000 square feet. Outside there are to be parking lots, capacious approaches for cars and processions, and a huge plaza for open-air gatherings.

The new Foreign Office is twenty-nine stories high: the new university's tower is thirty-four stories high: four other Moscow buildings are crowned with equally ugly "sky-scraping" superstructures. Their height creates a special water-pressure problem and necessitates special fire-fighting apparatus.

In Bitter Contrast

Soviet citizens hardly approve of these phenomena at their expense. They recognize bad housing as the chief problem in nearly all Soviet cities. The government's tardiness in coping with the situation breeds resentment, frustration, and lowered morale. A Moscow engineer estimated that dwellings housing ninety thousand persons would have to be wrecked to create the open spaces and approaches around the Palace of Soviets. "And the materials and labor that go into the Palace could give us apartments for tens of thousands who now live very badly," he added in a whisper.

"With so much space, why do they build up into the air?" a taxi driver exclaimed as we passed the Foreign Office. I asked how he lived. "One room, fourteen square meters," he replied (about 140 square feet).

"And how many in the family?"

"Myself, my wife, a daughter of thirteen, and a boy of seven."

"Excuse me," I said, "we are both grown-ups. Would you mind telling how you manage with your family life in such circumstances?"

He shook his head sadly. "It's a problem," he said.

To another Soviet driver employed by a foreign embassy I put the same question: "How many square meters?"

"Five" (fifty square feet).

I looked back. "That's about the size of the limousine you drive," I suggested.

"That's right," he confirmed. He had no children. His wife worked. They could afford a bigger home but couldn't get one.

During my Moscow stay there was a run on the bookshops for a new statistical handbook, the first in many years, entitled *The National Economy of the USSR*. On page 243, this official publication revealed a remarkable phenomenon, a steep drop in the birth rate. The number of children born to every thousand inhabitants was 47 in 1913, 44 in 1926, 26.5 in 1950, 24.9 in 1953, and 25.6 in 1955. This is not surprising. Apart from heavy war casualties, the chief factor is the intolerable shortage of urban housing. Two parents and two children are as many as any one-room apartment will accommodate.

I visited a room occupied by a man of twenty, a boy of ten, and their father and mother. The older son slept behind a wooden screen, the younger one on the couch. A narrow bed blocked half the two-panel entrance door. Where the fourth person slept I could not imagine, for what with two cupboards for dishes, food, laundry, etc., and a dining table, a desk, and four chairs, there was no space for it. The family shared bathroom, toilet, and kitchen with five other families.

Right in the heart of Moscow, and in the outskirts, one sees innumerable pre-1917 one- and two-story houses from which the outside plaster has crumbled away exposing the crisscross wooden slats. Some outside walls are buttressed with logs to prevent further buckling. In a courtyard a minute's walk from the British Embassy, a wooden board on the wall of a small three-story brick house gives the surnames of twenty-four tenants. Judging from the size of the house, it could not have more than twenty-four rooms. Its windows are askew, the rickety stairway has a revolting smell, and winter frosts followed by thaws have broken off parts of the brickwork. My researches

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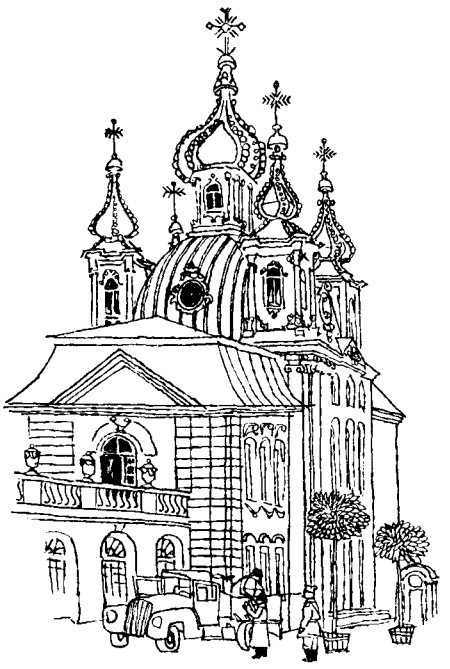
took me into many houses like this. Most of them lack bathing facilities. Nearly all—but to be cautious I shall say the majority—of the workingmen I talked to told me they used the public baths.

SOME FRIENDS of mine have an apartment on one of the big Moscow boulevards. I first visited them there twenty-nine years ago, and saw them there again on my recent trip. Nothing has changed: the same staircase covered with dirt; the same chipped steps; on the fourth floor, the same cracked door, the same apartment corridor crowded with folded beds and tall wicker baskets storing unseasonal clothing; the same crowded conditions in each of the five one-room and my friends' two-room (for five adults) subapartments of the communal apartment. Children race through the corridor where women carry pots and kettles from the kitchen to their tables; a neighbor plays the phonograph, another has the radio on, the third is singing. A single improvement: In the common kitchen they cook with gas.

This is a pre-revolutionary house that has stood up well these many years with an occasional painting but few repairs. In another house I visited, the repairmen had arrived, started work, left for six weeks, returned for a month's activity, gone away again, and are now back to do another stint of undetermined length. For eight months the residents have lived as in a bivouac.

No. 15 Sivtsev Vrazhek Revisited

For sentimental reasons and to make comparisons I went to 15 Sivtsev Vrazhek—an eight-story block of apartments consisting of several sectors, each with its own entrance. When the construction of the house was completed in 1936, our family moved into Apartment 68. We had three rooms, kitchen, toilet, bath, and balcony. That was what I wanted to see. Early one evening I entered the vestibule, dimly lit by a weak electric bulb in the ceiling, inserted the elevator key, which hung from a string, opened the door, and rode up. The bell of our former apartment had disappeared, so I knocked. No response. Since it was a rather strange errand (I would



have to explain that I had once lived here and would like to see the premises again), I waited several minutes and knocked again. No answer. I knocked a third time. A man appeared from a nearby door and said, "Nobody in. The sixteen tenants of this sector have been evicted. Here everything is rotted." On the ground floor I found the door to an apartment open. The inner walls, the floors, and ceilings had been ripped out. The entire apartment was being rebuilt—and the house only twenty years old.

Two years ago the American Embassy in Moscow took over a new building for offices and employees' residences. Already many inside walls are cracked. The roof leaks, and rainwater has made abstract paintings on ninth-floor ceilings. The structure looks as though it had been in use at least a decade.

Why ten-story apartment blocks when, at least in Soviet conditions, they are more expensive and difficult to build, service, and repair? Because they are designed to make an impression, to divert attention from the abounding hovels.

Run Fast to Stand Still

The bulk of Moscow's population lives in pre-1917 dwellings that have been getting abnormally heavy wear because many private apartments originally occupied by a single family are now communal apartments occupied by four, five, or six families. A much smaller percentage of Muscovites inhabit homes built by the Soviet régime before the Second World War; some of these are still good, others resemble slums. Since 1945, the Soviets have modernized construction methods (the metal-pipe scaffolding and huge lifting cranes I saw in 1956 were unknown before 1938) and put up a large number of big houses along the quays, in the outskirts, and in the center of town. I was a guest in several that made an excellent impression. My hosts, who belong to the new upper class, had apartments of four to five rooms with modern conveniences. But half a million would seem a gross overestimate of the number of privileged persons in these new quarters. The remainder of Moscow's seven million inhabitants are miserably or inadequately housed.

Discussing the housing problem an ambassador said, "Moscow would have to run very fast to stand still." It is doubtful whether new construction provides space for the natural increase in population and migration into the capital.

Crowded homes affect family relations, sex, studies, everything. It frequently happens that a divorced Soviet couple must continue to live in the same room, and sometimes a third person, the new spouse, joins them because no alternative living space is available. In the central Moscow post office on Gorki Avenue and in the branch post office on Kirov Street hundreds of persons are seated at large tables during any hour of the day or evening writing letters; presumably they have more privacy and quiet there than at home.

Given the industrial development of the Soviet Union after 1928, urban overcrowding was unavoidable. The early growth of capitalism in Europe and America produced similar effects. But much suffering could have been prevented had the Communists been as interested in the comfort of the individual as in the might of the state.

Trouble, Trouble Everywhere

Nor is the housing shortage confined to Moscow. In the town of Frunze, only nineteen per cent of the 1955

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plan for house construction was fulfilled. An article in *Izvestia* of September 1, 1956, datelined Stalingrad and signed by two writers, described conditions in several small towns nearby. "Who is at fault?" it asked. "Naturally, the local officials. They dream of big Palaces of Soviets and stadiums—and don't want to repair the club for homeless waifs or the public bath house . . ."

Another article in *Izvestia* bearing the title "Why It Is Uncomfortable to Live in a New House" began: "Kharkov, 19 Danilevsky Street: A person crosses the street and enters the new, beautiful eight-story house. The elevator is again not working. He has to walk up to the sixth floor, dangerously supporting himself on the shaky banisters." The occupant of the apartment had to use a hammer to turn the key and open the door for his guest. Inside, plaster fell from the ceiling. "There is no water. It rarely reaches the top floors." Accordingly, a meeting of the residents and builders was summoned. "It reveals," wrote the *Izvestia* reporter, "the results of the absence of technical and architectural supervision of the building process, haste, lack of co-ordination between the contractor and the subcontractors, bad construction materials, and also an irresponsible attitude toward approving the finished house. Striving to speed up approval of the house for some kind of holiday, the commission of approval and the architectural construction inspectors often reconcile themselves to big imperfections. True, they extract a pledge from the builders to remove these imperfections by a definite date. But such pledges, as a rule, remain a dead letter."

Speeding up the opening of a building "for some kind of holiday"—usually November 7 or May 1—is the Soviet way: "On the anniversary of the Great 1917 Revolution, 100 new apartment houses were completed in Kiev." Over the years, the newspapers have complained about this practice thousands of times. But some inner distrust forces the Soviet system again and again to boast about unfinished achievements.

The occupants of 27 Stalin Avenue in Kharkov held a similar meeting, according to the *Izvestia* reporter, and protested that the walls of their new house were too hollow to allow the hanging of a picture or a clock. "There's no point in converting a living room into a museum," the contractor replied.

"The plumbers," the article continued, "destroy the work of the carpenters; the electricians ruin the work of the plasterers." One cause of the trouble, said the correspondent, is the system of extra compensation to the building workers for economizing in the use of materials. So, he declared, cement "is mixed . . . with more sand. Economy is certainly necessary, but not to the detriment of quality."

In the Moscow *Literary Gazette* of August 25, 1956, a writer reported from the Donetz coal basin that one mine manager complained: "We are not fulfilling the plan because we haven't enough people; housing is difficult." A second manager told the correspondent that "We have no place to house people . . ." A third: "The miners are leaving. I cannot provide even a married man with a room." But the *Gazette* reporter learned that many new homes had been erected for miners. What had happened? When residents arrived from the neighboring town of Stalino armed with "orders" from the highest authorities for rooms in the new dwellings, the mine management argued that they should have remained in their former homes.

"Ah, yes," they replied, "we

would have stayed where we were, but then the flowers . . ."

"What flowers?" the mine managers asked.

"Well, the flowers in the square in front of the district party headquarters."

"But there was no such square."

"There wasn't. Now there is."

Private Enterprise

The Kremlin now realizes that it must tackle the urban housing problem or risk serious political repercussions. The February, 1957, session of the Supreme Soviet devoted more than the usual time to this acute situation. "Our severest problem is that of housing," Deputy Avkhimovich of Byelorussia told the Supreme Soviet, according to *Izvestia* of February 8. Many other Deputies said the same thing in similar words. Kremlin officials promised more money for the construction of new dwellings.

Perhaps the most interesting aspect of the latest Soviet approach to housing is the encouragement that Stalin's heirs are giving to home building by private persons or by newly formed workers' housing cooperatives. Unable to cope with the deficiency themselves, they are relying on private enterprise. "In 1957," Finance Minister Zverev announced to the Supreme Soviet in February, "the central government will lend workers and employees 1.8 billion rubles for individual housing construction." On the same occasion, Chairman Pervukhin of the State Planning Commission said, "The initiative of the Gorki Automobile Workers in building housing themselves is of great importance in expanding housing construction . . ."

An article by A. Ladinsky, an architectural engineer, in *Izvestia* of December 12, 1956, revealed that in 1955 private home construction "accounted for forty-four per cent of the total amount of new urban housing." In the future the percentage is sure to rise. "There are people," Ladinsky wrote, "who feel that allotting a working person a plot for a house and garden is a violation of the principles of Communism. This reasoning," he assured his readers, "does not stand up to close scrutiny. In our society a house is just as much an object of personal consumption as a suit of clothes, say, or a bicycle or an automobile."

Adobe, Wood Chips

The expedient of private housing has a number of signal virtues. All Soviet cities suffer from a shortage

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of labor. Private housing taps a new source—the individual's after-job and Sunday labor. It also taps his pocketbook. "Experience shows," observed Ladinsky, "that the proper organization of housing co-operatives enables us to enlist the workers' sizable personal savings in home construction (in addition to state allocations) . . . ."

The shortage of building materials, however, has dogged government construction projects for many years and is more grievous now than ever. It is unlikely, therefore, that the private citizen will be able to obtain the bricks, cement, and roofing to build a modern home, much less bathtubs, metal pipe, and electrical equipment. In their absence, Ladinsky suggested that "such local materials as reed panels, adobe, earth-and-cement mixtures, wood chips, and many others must be employed everywhere in the construction of buildings of only a few stories." Since the average Russian factory hand rarely knows how to put up a city dwelling, the probability is that the new private homes will be log cabins on the outskirts of smaller cities (hardly Moscow or Leningrad, for instance).

Private and individual enterprise, therefore, welcome though they be, cannot solve the Soviet housing problem. What would be required is either private professional building contractors—in other words, capitalism—which the Kremlin can hardly concede, or a diversion of Soviet resources from heavy industry for armaments and new plant to light industry that can meet urgent human needs.

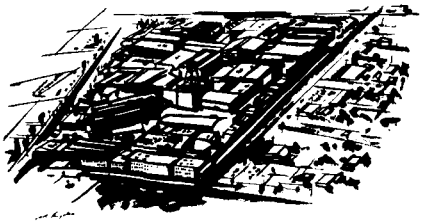
This issue of heavy industry vs. consumer industries has been resolved, during the past thirty years, in favor of state power rather than personal happiness. The makeshift of private home building hardly suggests that the Kremlin has undergone basic psychological or ideological change. But the leaders are aware of the problem, and continuing pressures for a better life will not let them forget it. In the long run, it is inevitable that if people do not receive appreciable satisfaction there will be mounting popular discontent and, reflecting it, a widening split among policymakers.

At Home & Abroad

Hollywood: Fade Out, Fade In

DORE SCHARY

Much has been written, much has still to be written, concerning the current crisis in Hollywood. Recently this magazine carried three accounts of some of the difficulties by Robert Ardrey. I agree with many of Mr. Ardrey's observations, but I can and do quarrel with his conclusion that "Hollywood, the Peck's Bad Boy which so kindled the imaginations of the world's multitudes back in the 1920's . . . should never have reformed"—never turned away



from what Mr. Ardrey elsewhere calls "good, old-fashioned free-wheeling wickedness." He has not convinced me that "the withering away of the Hollywood legend . . . has destroyed in adults . . . the compulsion to go to the movies."

To the skeptic who believes that my opinions may be of doubtful value because I am no longer head of M-G-M (euphemism for having been discharged), I should like to post for the record that my years at M-G-M as executive producer returned a tidy profit to the company. When asked to leave, I was told that the reasons for my separation from the company as head of production had to do with my being an egghead. When I asked for a more explicit definition I was told that I made too many speeches and wrote too many articles, and that my participation in the 1956 Presidential campaign on behalf of the Democrats had made for irritation and enmity. These derelictions were carefully documented in a single anonymous letter received by the company, which was shown to me. It was explained that while the profits of pictures made under my stewardship had been reasonable, the company would be more at ease if I were to relinquish my active post and assume an advisory office for some years.

Therefore, as an egghead and an experienced though exiled production executive, I should like to set down something of what I feel is happening and may happen.

The Good Old Days

The years that Mr. Ardrey wishes the motion-picture business would revert to produced, I firmly believe, fewer creative giants and fewer distinguished films than we have been seeing in recent years. To use Mr. Ardrey's appellation for the industry, "Peck's Bad Boy" has not reformed; he has grown up. As a matter of fact, now that his adolescence is behind him, he is far more capable of handling complex adult subjects.

In my opinion, the best pictures made in the last decade will wear better than the best pictures made in the antiquity of the 1920's. "The Best Years of Our Lives," "From Here to Eternity," "An American in Paris," and "Sunset Boulevard" are just a few of the many recent classics I could list. One of the best films in what I would call Hollywood's maturity was David O. Selznick's "Gone With the Wind," which was produced in 1939 and has turned out to be the top money-maker of all time. Although the reaction was delayed by the Second World War, "Gone With the Wind"

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ushered in the era of the big modern film, and every important picture since borrows something of its form and style. This prewar film, made by an independent producer and sold by a major releasing company, in many ways foreshadowed the revolt going on in Hollywood today. Even the recently developed "participation deal" has been brought up retroactively: Clark Gable is still complaining about not having been given a percentage of the profits of GWTW.

THE MOVIE industry has been forced into its present production format by economic necessity. In earlier days movies were the cheapest and most accessible diversion. A public limited in its leisure time flocked to any and all of the new "flickers." The price was right and the competition nil. But as our society bargained for and got more leisure time, the competition increased. Sports and hobbies formerly the domain of the leisure class came within the reach of anybody with a car and a few extra dollars. And it seemed that "anybody" was everybody.

This trend was visible in the 1930's but it was obscured by the boom of the war years, which knocked off some of the competition that couldn't cope with shortages of time (longer working hours, the swing shift), material (no building of courses, courts, and alleys), and opportunity for travel (gas rationing). So the movies boomed and there was a return to the casual picturemaking of the lush, comfortable days when block booking guaranteed financial success for just about any picture and when the great studio empires controlled not only production but also distribution and exhibition. Big pictures made big grosses, fair pictures did well, even bad pictures returned a profit.

The boom rolled on even without many of Hollywood's most prominent creative talents who had gone to war—men like William Wyler, John Ford, George Stevens, John Huston, Frank Capra, Garson Kanin, Robert Riskin, Anatole Litvak, and a host of others on the threshold whose careers were held back by the years spent in service: Stanley Kramer, for example. The talents and time of these people were denied to the industry, but the truth is that they were not even missed: All studios were doing just dandy. Of course, some new oaks were growing during the boom days —Fred Zinnemann, Joe Mankiewicz, and Billy Wilder. And to be sure, the product during most of this period was being turned out by excellent old hands such as King Vidor, William Wellman, Charles Vidor, Victor Fleming, Michael Curtiz, Leo McCarey, Mervyn LeRoy, and Henry King. But it must be said that, with some notable exceptions, even these skilled talents reflected the careless mood of picturemaking during the war years.

All This and TV Too!

But with the end of the war, hunger for movies, any movies, diminished somewhat and people returned to some of their other diversions—at an accelerated pace. Looming up on the horizon was the awesome threat of television, but the picture companies refused to recognize it. They seemed to have a feeling that if they turned their backs it would go away. David Sarnoff of NBC once told me that in those early years he pleaded with Nicholas Schenck, then president of Loew's, Incorporated, to enter into some program of amalgamation for their mutual benefit, but Mr. Schenck turned him down, convinced that the battle could be won on the open plain of competitive war. This was not a unique attitude. Most of us felt much the same way. The first man I know in the entertainment business who assayed the situation properly was Lew Wasserman, president of Music Corporation of America, the mammoth theatrical agency. He argued for some understanding of the enormous potential of television, while pointing out that top pictures properly marketed would earn more than ever before. Time proved him right, but he wasn't running a picture company.

Some of us adopted and developed part of Mr. Wasserman's theory. Rather than compete with television on its terms, we began to challenge television to compete with us. At M-G-M we went in for the big picture—we gambled for the jack pot. Sometimes we lost, as with "Plymouth Adventure, "The Prodigal," "Jupiter's Darling," "That Forsyte Woman." More often we won, as with "Ivanhoe," "Scaramouche," "Battleground," "An American in Paris," "Seven Brides for Seven Brothers," "Executive Suite," "King Solomon's Mines," "Mogambo," "The Great Caruso," "Show Boat," "The Bad and the Beautiful," "Annie Get Your Gun," "I'll Cry Tomorrow," "The Blackboard Jungle." These successes made the policy a sound one—sound enough to accommodate the failures of "The Red Badge of Courage," "The Magnificent Yankee," and "Intruder in the Dust"—good pictures, but lacking in popular appeal.

PARENTHETICALLY, these pictures, good and bad, successes and failures, all represented gambles, and so it wasn't the easiest thing in the world to get them on the schedule.

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While a studio is governed primarily by the executive in charge of production, he himself has to act as a sort of salesman to the New York executives on behalf of his producers, and sometimes himself. It is he who must argue with the president and the board. In the main, he takes responsibility for failure, which is just—but he seldom gets credit for success, which perhaps is also just, since the final product represents the efforts of many people.

My own job as a salesman wasn't always easy. The proposal to make "Ivanhoe" drew a generally negative response because of the fear that the representation of the character Isaac of York would offend many Jews. When the subject of "Battleground" came up, many felt that the public wouldn't go for a war picture. "King Solomon's Mines" had gone begging for years. "Executive Suite," which dramatized big-business tensions, seemed headed for disaster because pictures on this theme had been failures in the past. "Intruder in the Dust" did fail for the reasons some people predicted: The dignified Negro's incorruptibility was viewed by many as arrogance. "The Red Badge of Courage" was given the old college try by everyone concerned, but audiences were spectacularly indifferent.

There was pressure from within and from without the industry to dissuade us from making "Blackboard Jungle." We hung on, convinced that the picture would serve to alert agencies and school boards. The picture was made for a little over a million dollars and, according to the last figures I saw, had grossed more than eight and a half millions. More important, the picture produced a controversy that brought some changes in schools.

After "Plymouth Adventure" I recalled the lugubrious statement attributed to Max Gordon, the theatrical producer: "I'm never gonna produce a play where anybody writes with a quill." While the original *Mayflower* reached port, "Plymouth Adventure" was the most costly error with which I've ever been connected. Too late I recalled Darryl Zanuck's marine catastrophe with "Noah's Ark."

Rise of the Independents

Other studios—Twentieth Century-Fox, Paramount, and Warner Brothers—were roving the same oceans seeking their catch with big pictures and a lesser number of "program" pictures. Universal-International was fishing different waters and doing fine, considering their bait; they offered less expensive films geared to a smaller market.

With such a policy, however, at the larger studios, the long lists of people under contract simply had to be pruned. Searching for a public that had become discriminating and cautious, we could no longer afford the luxury we enjoyed during the war years—using a hundred writers, thirty-four producers, and twenty-eight directors to make twenty or twenty-two films a year, rather than the forty or fifty pictures that had been the program before the war. The housecleaning began.

But more than housecleaning was required to solve Hollywood's economic problems. The high-salaried talents who had come back from the war, and others who were looking around and sizing up their situation after the war boom, began to suspect that making movies for a straight salary wasn't a terribly profitable business any more since income taxes remained high. And so the tax structure was responsible for the "participation deal," by which so-called "independents" converted the money they used to take in as salaries (taxable at rates of up to ninety-one per cent) into capital gains (taxable at no more than twenty-five per cent) or corporation taxes (at fifty-two per cent).

THIS WORD "independent" should be clarified. Most of the new independents, going from capital gain to capital gain, are just as dependent on the facilities of the big studios as the independents of the Texas oil fields are on pipelines of Standard Oil. The true independents are Samuel Goldwyn, David O. Selznick, and Hal Wallis, who have built up organizations over a period of time that function as a unit—neither pledged to nor tightly affiliated with any studio. They are free to roam and pick their distributors not only on the basis of what they as producers have to offer, but also on what the distributor has to offer them in the way of stars, equipment, releasing terms, and other facilities.

The newest and strongest independent organization is the Hecht-Hill-Lancaster group, which made "Marty." Its only danger (beyond the normal risks of show business) is that it may be expanding to the extent that it has to take on ventures simply to keep the overhead from eating up the whole company. In other words, this "independent" may turn into a major studio, with all the problems that drove people in the major studios to become independents. Stanley Kramer, who got off to a good start as an "inde-

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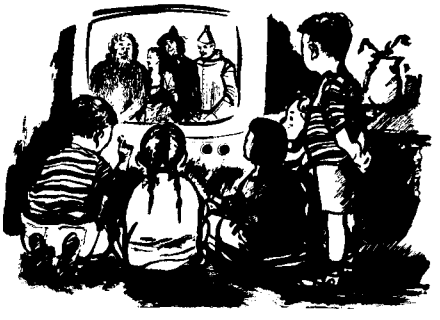
pendent," got bogged down in all the complications of a big studio, but he is apparently on the high road again with "The Pride and the Passion" following on the heels of "Not as a Stranger." The two new "independents" mentioned above are very much in the tradition of quality set by Goldwyn, Selznick, and Wallis. Others labor in vineyards not nearly as expansive or expensive. In the words of the burlesque joke, "Many go forth—most come in fifth."

The majority of the big stars and directors and some producers are hardly independent. To avoid the tax squeeze on big salaries, they get percentages of profit as capital gains from the pictures they make. But they are in the main nurtured, financed, and serviced by their studio affiliation. Some actors receive a percentage of a picture's gross profit —five to ten per cent. Others take part of net profit—from fifteen per cent to as high as the seventy-five per cent demanded and, I understand, received by Marilyn Monroe and Marlon Brando. Their talents make them independent in that they can demand a lot, sometimes too much, but they are not independent in the sense of a Goldwyn or a Selznick.

Producers operating at a large studio for a net profit of twenty-five to fifty per cent are subjected to high overhead, organizational costs, higher distribution fees, and certain controls of story material and cast that keep them far from the status of true independence. But they also have the advantages of being able to call on a studio's manpower in all departments and on other resources that would be hard to duplicate. Many "independent" producers have also discovered that it is both safer and more profitable to pay a higher percentage to a good distributor. At some point, however, the values can diminish and the profits dwindle.

In any event, the demand for "participation deals" grew after the war years as it became increasingly difficult to pay top stars the kind of salaries that made sense to them or to the studio. Everybody wanted in. After James Stewart scored ten-strike after ten-strike, Tyrone Power, William Holden, Gregory Peck, Bing Crosby, Bob Hope, John Wayne, and a host of others hit the trail for their gold claims. Some studios moved fast to get into line: Half of one hundred per cent profit is better than none, after all, and remember the distribution—*that* comes out of gross receipts before any profit sharing begins. Other studios played the reluctant giant and M-G-M was the last on the stag line. A lot of dances had been booked by then.

But the pattern was taking shape. TV was drawing more and more of the customers away from the claptrap and mediocre films, just as the talkies had weaned audiences away from the melodramas and penny dreadfuls of the theater of the 1920's. But the big movies were big hits. Four- and five-million-dollar domestic grosses were commonplace, just as the biggest hits in the theater came after the talkies. With the exception of "Abie's Irish Rose," the legitimate theater had never enjoyed such financial successes as "Oklahoma!," "Tobacco Road," "Life with Father," "Born Yesterday," and "South Pacific." Similarly, with the exception of "Gone With



the Wind," the movie industry had never struck it so rich in pre-TV days as it did with pictures like "Quo Vadis," "The Greatest Show on Earth," "King Solomon's Mines," "From Here to Eternity," and "The Robe." Costs were up, to be sure, but so were prices at the box office. The profits on a hit were extraordinary.

Panic and the Fast Buck

Although the number of pictures made each year was decreasing, the number of people in bargaining positions for a chunk of the profits for their labors was increasing. It was clear that a studio geared for a full profit on a full program couldn't survive on the basis of half a program for half of the profit. Something had to give. The studios gave. And they are still giving.

Television was eating up material in mouthfuls and was looking hungrily at the vaults of the Hollywood studios where rested thousands of old films made before 1948. The TV people were willing to pay good money, the studios were panicky over the changing economy, so the sale was made. But in my opinion, the outright sale and subsequent loss of control and rights to old films was a shortsighted policy for all concerned. Television shows, live ones included, are clobbered by films exhibited free of charge on TV screens; and new films showing in theaters, unless they are the best, are further bloodied by the same showings. The film sales to TV may have put a fast buck in the pocket, but who can calculate how much has been lost from the sock?

The soundest policy, I believe, would have been to lease pictures for individual or periodic showings instead of swamping the market. A single M-G-M picture, "The Wizard of Oz," will gross a million dollars in four showings over four years. That company has thirty such pictures on which similar deals might have been arranged, pictures like "Boom Town," "Boys Town," "Test Pilot," "A Guy Named Joe," "San Francisco," and "Mutiny on the Bounty." If M-G-M had insisted on the careful handling of fifty top pictures instead of permitting the grab-bag sale of seven hundred inferior and outdated films, the audience for movie-theater exhibition might be kept more intact.

But the motion-picture industry will survive this error. Its future can be bright, and the gloomy columnists balefully viewing the demise of the industry will be quick to record the change of heartbeat. Emotions and opinions are as mercurial in Hollywood as the rapidly shifting scene of the business itself. CinemaScope is supposed to have saved the industry one day and distorted it to the point of extinction the next. Spyros Skouras pleads not to make black-and-white CinemaScope in July, but goes into full gallop with such a program in December.

The really important change in

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Hollywood is that the creative people have the hammer hold today. They will keep it, if they don't get fat and spoiled. The men who fashioned the industry in the image of their times and tried to keep it that way after their times are moving out to pasture—and to oil wells. New executive talent attuned to the present is taking over—and that's all to the good.

Of course the pendulum will swing wide; there will be disasters and many talents will fall by the wayside. The road to capital gains will be strewn with battered souls searching thirstily for a cup of profit.

The most successful studio operations will include full-hearted cooperation with disciplined top talents who will garner the fattest rewards. It will also include staff writers and producers who should be tested and then given wings. The industry cannot endure with only the giants who are roaming the sound stages today. It must develop and train new people, hoping to come up with talents like Robert Wise, Mark Robson, Richard Brooks, Norman Panama, Mel Frank, Nicholas Ray, Delbert and Daniel Mann.

It would also benefit the industry to have William Wyler or George Stevens or any of the others make a "little" picture with some of the passion and daring of their early careers. They ought to continue experimenting. Pictures—good pictures—can still be made for $400,000 exposing sixty thousand feet of film for a finished product that will run ninety-five hundred. It's too easy for Stevens to make "Giant" with five million dollars and perhaps five hundred thousand exposed feet of film. It has to be good. It ought to be good. Ruefully, one may add, it had better be good.

The Last of the Maharajahs

The old order changeth. Zanuck was really the last of the maharajahs. He was the last to build a big studio plant complete with private swimming pool, steam rooms, and accommodations for private masseurs and barbers. He was the last to have control of a big list of salaried stars under optimum conditions. He lived hard and fast, occupying his spare time in gambling, polo, cigar smoking, and hunting—flying his way through a brilliant career in which he produced such pictures as "I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang," "Public Enemy," "How Green Was My Valley," "Gentlemen's Agreement," "Pinky," and his beloved and maligned "Wilson."

But those days are gone with the wind that blew in the era of TV. By and large, the sobering problems have brought more maturity to the industry—and with it, I believe, better pictures. No longer will a writer sit ten weeks waiting for a conference and then be told another writer has already finished the assignment. No longer will temporary suspensions from the payroll harass a star—the government gets most of the salary anyway. The terrible tempers of L. B. Mayer or Harry Warner can no longer intimidate anyone. The big stick turns out to be made of

light and breakable balsam. Yes, Zanuck was the last one to grow in posh times. Those of us who followed—Don Hartman, Jerry Wald, Buddy Adler, and myself—had it good, but ours was nothing like the era of L. B. Mayer, Irving Thalberg, B. P. Schulberg, Hal Wallis (when he was running Warner Brothers), and Zanuck. Some of us deliberately made changes and may be viewed as traitors to our class.

The methods have changed because people have changed and because the world has changed. Perhaps, as Mr. Ardrey argues, some of the fun did leave the business. Certainly there has been less inclination to put up with the derelictions and childish behavior of some stars. In place of that there is a deeper concern for the industry's future. And there have been some other changes. The writer has been gaining more control over his work. He has more to say and more to gain. This is true of the writer unhyphenated (that is, neither writer-producer nor writer-director, but just writer)—talents such as Albert Hackett and Frances Goodrich, Millard Kaufman, Isobel Lennart, Helen Deutsch, Paddy Chayefsky, Gore Vidal, Dudley Nichols, Sonya Levien, and John Lee Manin. And it is certainly true of the hyphenated writer, many of whom have already been mentioned. Others should be: Charles Brackett, Philip Dunne, Charles Schnee, Nunnally Johnson, and Ernest Lehman.

THERE is plenty of room left for reform in Hollywood, and the reformation may be dawning. There is a growing awareness of personal and individual needs of industry craftsmen. There is less brash and brassy treatment of the worker and fewer peremptory demands from the employer. This is not a quixotic change. It has been achieved by bludgeoning and patient insistence from guilds and unions.

More has to be done. Some of that old-time religion called showmanship has to be brought into the arena, as Mike Todd has done so brilliantly with his "Around the World in 80 Days." There have been feckless habits of work that will have to be abandoned. Enthusiasm and energy have to be substituted for ennui and negativism. The "independents," fresh and sassy with the successes of "Moulin Rouge," "The African Queen," "On the Waterfront," "Not as a Stranger," "Marty," and so many others, are finding that the atmosphere of a big studio stultifies in many ways—owing in large measure to the cynical and apprehensive attitudes of many of the top executives who live in a perpetual state of panic as they speak of wild-eyed stockholders and boards of directors.

Another area of improvement to be examined is the equipment on sound stages, which is archaic. Our stages look much as they looked twenty-five years ago. They should be refurbished and re-equipped with new electronic devices that would save time and increase efficient operation. In this field, departmental conservatism has held back progress.

Beyond the work of a few individuals and some encouragement from

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the Screen Producers' Guild, little has been done to provide a technical and creative proving ground for new talents. An industry school, perhaps in conjunction with the local universities, could help to provide future manpower.

Ancient methods of selling and releasing should be overhauled. Distribution offices of companies could be combined and thus save large sums in operational costs. The exhibitors might also add to the improvement of business by cleaning up some of their theaters, by closing decrepit ones and building new ones.

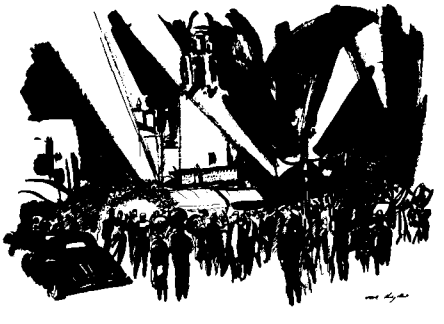
The Bewildered Giant

Louis Brandeis once said: "In the field of modern business, so rich in opportunity for the exercise of man's finest and most varied mental faculties and moral qualities, mere money-making cannot be regarded as the legitimate end—since with the conduct of business human happiness or misery is inextricably interwoven."

"Human happiness" is a standard worth raising, a goal worth achieving in any business. Most certainly it applies to the motion-picture industry, which is indeed "inextricably interwoven" with the lives of the hundreds of millions it serves.

Hollywood is laden with competent and hard-working talents. Its resources have always been greater than it has realized—which explains why, in a crisis, it has always behaved rather like a bewildered, muscle-bound giant.

If Hollywood can overcome some of the oppressive burdens left by the management of the past while retaining the features that helped to build and sustain it, the motion-picture industry's future is surely no darker than the future of that other "fabulous invalid," the New York theater.



The Powerhouse Of German Defense

EDMOND TAYLOR

THE FIRST TIME I caught sight of Franz-Josef Strauss, the German Federal Republic's energetic Defense Minister, he was standing behind a frosted-glass panel across the floor of the Bundestag from the press gallery where I was sitting. Yet I had no trouble identifying the burly silhouette. Surrounded by his colleagues in an impromptu caucus, he was acting out a kind of lively shadow play. The frosting on the glass, filtering out everything but the basic data of mass and motion, lent to Strauss's pantomime an extraordinary *élan*. From time to time his big fist came smashing down like a mace on some key argument; newcomers to the huddle were greeted with a wrestler's lunge ending in a handclasp of genial ferocity.

Later, when I interviewed Strauss at his office in the Defense Ministry, he seemed somewhat less volcanic, but still gave an impression of tremendous drive. This dynamism—a reflection of the energy that the visitor today feels pulsing everywhere in the Federal Republic—greatly impresses the Minister's numerous German and foreign admirers, but gives pause to his equally numerous critics and adversaries. One Opposition newspaper, the Social Democratic *Vorwärts*, recently accused him of being "power-mad." The charge, whether justified or not, is understandable. No German politician wields power with more unabashed enjoyment—or greater effectiveness. Few have pursued it with such single-minded concentration as this handsome, jovial-looking butcher's son from Munich, who at forty-one is one of the brightest rising stars of German politics, and a possible successor to Chancellor Konrad Adenauer.

"Why is it," asked *Vorwärts*, "that the Defense Minister rarely makes a speech without referring to 'military weight' and 'power' as instruments of German policy?" *Vorwärts* specifically charged that Strauss, in an off-the-cuff talk to a meeting of German officers and military journalists in Baden-Württemberg early in February, declared that the German and other western European armies would be equipped with atomic weapons, "whether the Americans liked it or not."

Why Be Apologetic?

At his first NATO meeting as West German Defense Minister in Paris last fall, where Strauss's breezy shirtsleeve truculence earned him the nickname "the Bavarian Siegfried," he eventually made a favorable impression on his western colleagues. But initially he ruffled them with his emphatic assertions that he had no intention of providing German "footsloggers for the American atomic cavalry." And according to the well-informed national liberal weekly *Der Spiegel*, which, with reservations, generally approves of Strauss, at an earlier Euratom meeting in Paris he pushed over a note to Foreign Minister Heinrich von Brentano, one of Strauss's leading rivals for the Adenauer succession, saying, "You don't always have to apologize for our being here. We were invited, after all, and they'll surely remember that."

Many of Strauss's informal political speeches have been in a similar vein. Last November during the Hungarian crisis, he caused a furor with a speech in the small Bavarian town of Hollfeld in which, according to *Der Spiegel*, he declared that in case of war the Soviet state would be wiped off the map. Later, as frequently happens, Herr Strauss said he had been misquoted.

In its issue of February 20 *Der Spiegel* editorialized unhappily on some of the implications of Strauss's dynamism: "Whereas Hungary was cut off from all help . . . the Soviet Zone of Germany borders on a state bristling with vitality in which Franz-Josef Strauss is Defense Min-

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ister. . . . knowing the Germans, it must be said that this is where World War III would start."

A-Bombs for Europe?

More significant than any of Herr Strauss's verbal fireworks is the orientation he has given German rearmament since he took over the Defense Ministry from Theodor Blank last fall. Instead of the essentially defensive 500,000-man German Army based on universal military service that NATO plans originally called for, Strauss is giving the West an initially much smaller, highly professional striking force equipped with powerful offensive weapons, and with startling capabilities for rapid expansion.

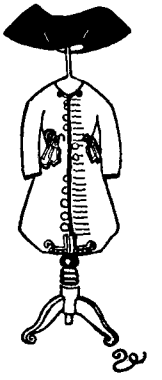
He makes no secret of his desire to equip the German NATO divisions he is raising with the most formidable modern arms, including guided missiles and tactical atomic weapons: "I think it is indispensable that the NATO forces of the European nations, including the Federal Republic of Germany, be equipped with atomic weapons," he told me during the hour-and-a-half talk I had with him recently. "We can't go on indefinitely with two categories of NATO members: first class and tenth class."

Despite such occasional barbs, Strauss talked in a quiet, relaxed voice, in sharp contrast to his flamboyant public manner.

Though Germany is forbidden by the Paris agreements to produce atomic weapons, Strauss pointed out to me that there is no legal restriction on research into the production of such arms or even creating them on drawing boards. He also mentioned the possibility that the Federal Republic, in agreement with its partners in the six-nation Western European Union, might manufacture some of the elements of a "European" atomic bomb to be employed or issued under controls to be worked out by WEU.

I asked Strauss if there was any foundation to reports current in Paris that he had agreed with French Defense Minister Maurice Bourgès-Maunoury—one of the Allied statesmen who are not disturbed by the Strauss dynamism—on German participation in the development of a "European" atomic weapon. Strauss replied that he thought the reports premature, but that the question was not "excluded" from the program of Franco-German co-operation in weapons research and development he had worked out with Bourgès-Maunoury during a recent visit to the French Saharan rocket range at Colomb-Béchar.

Judging from Strauss's explanations, this agreement, unprecedented



in Franco-German relations, is both more far-reaching and more formal than published reports in either nation have so far indicated. It involves the setting up of a permanent joint weapons committee with production as well as research functions, and it has raised such basic policy issues that Strauss said he had considered it advisable to obtain Chancellor Adenauer's special approval. It is his understanding that Bourgès-Maunoury obtained similar authority from the French Cabinet. On Strauss's instructions, and to avoid any misunderstandings, General Adolf Heusinger, who had accompanied him on the visit to Colomb-Béchar, formally notified all the NATO staffs of the new Franco-German bilateral venture.

From the United States, which he expects to visit soon, Strauss indicated that he hopes to obtain dual-purpose missile rockets that can be fitted with either conventional or atomic warheads, plus instruction for his forces in the use of the atomic warheads. He assumes, however, that all the atomic explosives will remain in the custody of the special U.S. units assigned to the NATO forces in Germany.

Since then, Adenauer has alluded in a press conference to the possibility of West Germany's participating with its European partners in the production of nuclear weapons along lines similar to those envisaged by Strauss. On March 20, during a visit to Bonn, the Supreme Allied Commander in Europe, General Lauris Norstad, revealed that he strongly supported at least part of the Strauss program, and had recommended to NATO governments that all members of the Atlantic Alliance should be provided with means for delivering atomic warheads—such as dual-purpose rockets—and trained in the use of atomic weapons, which he hinted might in case of emergency be made available to them from U.S. arsenals in Europe.

In explaining his philosophy in regard to atomic weapons, Strauss said he had to assume that they would not be outlawed in the foreseeable future and therefore felt that NATO must have them. "I don't believe that any one European nation should be authorized to produce atomic weapons on a purely national basis," he told me with great earnestness, "and neither should they be in the sole possession of any one nation. Furthermore, I want to make it clear that in my view atomic weapons are the *ultima ratio* whose use is only morally justifiable in self-defense when a nation's very existence is at stake. Even as a patriotic German I could not condone their use to achieve the reunification of Germany. I know my political adversaries have insinuated that this thought was in my mind when I raised the question of atomic armament for NATO forces, but I consider that to harbor it would be a criminal attitude."

The Territorial Shield

During my talk with him, Strauss discussed with equal frankness another controversial project the renascent general staff had worked up under his leadership: the Home Guard or Territorial Defense units which he is planning as a supplement to the seven—eventually twelve—mobile divisions that the Federal Republic is pledged to raise for NATO. Unlike the NATO divisions, which will be under the command of SHAPE, the proposed Territorials will be directly under the command of the Defense Ministry, and despite their unpretentious title they could eventually become a formida-

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ble military force free from any NATO supervision or restraints.

Initially Strauss envisages a modest auxiliary militia developing parallel with the growth of the NATO divisions—five of which he guarantees will be completely activated by the end of this year. By the end of 1959 or thereabouts, the Territorials on active duty would total some forty to fifty thousand. But these, Strauss emphasized, would only be peacetime cadres. A reservoir of trained reservists would rapidly build up from which, the Minister indicated, substantial forces could be quickly mobilized in an international crisis.

MEMBERS of Strauss's Territorial "shield" will serve a maximum of six months' consecutive training—less in the case of the Wehrmacht veterans who will make up the bulk of the force. Reservists will be called up for periodic short refresher courses as in the Swiss system, on which the scheme is partly based. The functions of the Territorial forces are particularly significant. According to Strauss they will be responsible in case of war for:

¶ Defense against parachute attacks, partisan groups, saboteurs, etc., throughout the territory of the Federal Republic.

¶ Protection, maintenance, and operation of basic supply and communications networks. (These duties could presumably be stretched to include serving as quartermaster and signal corps of the German Army.)

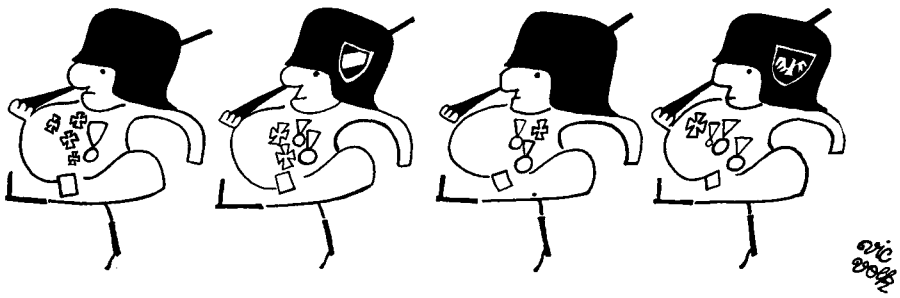
¶ Static defense of the Federal Republic's eastern frontier. According to Strauss, a portion of the Territorial forces will be specially trained to fight tanks and will be stationed in a continuous anti-tank belt along the zonal border. They will be equipped with special weapons suited to their specialized mission, "but only light stuff like bazookas and special mines and some little things we are working up with the French." (The French Army has recently developed experimentally some highly advanced anti-tank rockets and other weapons.)

"The aim," Strauss emphasized, "is to stop the Russians as far forward as possible. I think the kind of force I have in mind would give any attacking armor plenty to think about. But it is purely defensive. It couldn't be considered a threat by anyone. And we have no intention of stationing any of these special units on the French or Swiss borders, or anywhere but in the east."

Strauss expressed the view that with his proposed militia units as backstop, the twelve mobile and atomic NATO divisions will have an extremely satisfactory ratio of combat to support personnel. This is something of an understatement. If the project is realized, the Federal Republic will have two sizable armies, one purely national, the other under NATO control. Strauss does not quite put it in those terms, but he is keenly aware of the controversial aspect of his scheme.

"There is no deception in my proposals," he said, "no shadow army or anything like that. It is all perfectly aboveboard. General Norstad, General Schuyler, and everyone at SHAPE knows about it. So do the French."

Before Strauss can put his militia project into effect he has to obtain the approval of his partners in the Western European Union. But the London Conference, which established WEU, gave it power to limit all national armed forces, including police forces of its members. Despite the revolutionary implications of Strauss's project, which in the future could upset the western European balance of power in Germany's favor, he seems confident that he will obtain WEU approval within the next six months—perhaps at the meeting that will take place concurrently with the May session of the NATO Council in Bonn.



The Politics of Realism

Though Strauss is sometimes accused by his critics of being captivated by military glitter and display, there is no reflection of this in the rather austere budget he has drawn up for his department. It was Strauss who stopped work—on grounds of unnecessary expense—on the grandiose new "Pentabonn," capable of housing twenty thousand Defense Ministry employees, in the Federal capital. And it was Strauss who took the decision of radically slowing up enrollment of military manpower until he could build enough barracks to house his soldiers. Such steps suggest not that Strauss is at heart an anti-militarist, but merely that he is above all a realist.

To his numerous admirers his "realism" includes several almost contradictory elements. One is implied in his repeated caustic comments on U.S. foreign policy. A favorite among Strauss's supporters is a retort which according to *Der Spiegel* he made to the State Department during a visit to Washington last year when Mr. Dulles was urging him to support the French plan for Euratom: "We Germans may have lost the war but we haven't yet lost our minds." During the same visit he is reported to have described the European Defense Community as "a device for recruiting a German suicide squad to cover the retreat of the NATO forces in the event of a Soviet attack."

Above all, there is a kind of muscular neutralism evident in a series of recent speeches and statements by him. One particularly heretical declaration—an article under Strauss's signature in the official information bulletin of Dr. Adenauer's Christian Democratic Union—suggested the possibility of a reunited Germany neutralized on the model of Austria.

The commotion caused in the Federal capital by this bombshell—roughly equivalent to the tremors that would rock Washington if Secretary of State Dulles wrote a signed article for the New York *Herald*

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Tribune recommending the recognition of Communist China—led Strauss to report that he had once more been misquoted, and the tendency in western diplomatic circles in Bonn was to write the whole thing off as a somewhat regrettable but not

especially significant incident of the forthcoming German electoral campaign.

MORE AND MORE, however, Strauss's tough-minded realism is being recognized in Germany as a valuable asset.

"Defense Minister Franz-Josef Strauss is increasingly showing the qualities of a statesman," declared the conservative *Die Welt* of Hamburg in an editorial last February. "He wants to make the Federal Republic a participant in international politics and not an object of barter."

Today Strauss says he supports the common market as a sound example of European co-operation, and somewhat less wholeheartedly accepts the current watered-down version of Euratom. He has no desire to produce German guns exceeding 40 mm.—possibly because he feels that rockets will soon replace conventional artillery. He declared to me emphatically: "Armaments autarchy for Germany would be nonsense politically, economically, and militarily."

In a February speech in Hamburg, delivered hard on the heels of the explosion over his so-called "neutralist" article, the Defense Minister defended NATO, denounced the Socialist Party, and insisted that it would be "irresponsible to scrap our weapons and alliances without being firmly convinced that Soviet policy had changed."

"Strauss is not a man who thinks in terms of rigid political systems," one western diplomat explained to me. "I wouldn't go so far as to call him an opportunist—but he's very quick to seize an opportunity."

My own conviction after hearing Strauss elaborate on the burning issue of reunification in our talk is that there is something deeper than politics beneath his attitude. He made it clear that he saw no immediate chance of fruitful negotiations with the Soviets for reunification. He appeared to take it for granted that Germany's cultural and economic ties with the West would remain intact even after unification, and that only Germany's military status "might be the subject of an international conference."

What impressed me most was his emphasis on the legalistic platitude, conceded by everyone, that after unification Germany will have the right to choose neutrality if that seems the soundest national policy. He declined to suggest the kind of basic change in Soviet policy that would make German neutrality a safe course. It is "impossible," he said, to say how Germany would decide on the issue of neutrality vs. NATO when the time for a decision came. Such a decision "could only be taken on the basis of sober political and military deliberations in the light of the situation then existing."

Myth and Metamorphosis

Strauss's flexible realism has undoubtedly been largely shaped by the mental outlook of the generation to which he belongs—an outlook strangely compounded of conformism and of a certain cynical integrity, the result of exposure to the seamy side of political myths from that of the Master Race to that of democratization by military government. In many respects Strauss is a representative member of this younger generation.

As a boy in Munich, Strauss attracted the attention of his teachers by quickness of mind and a phenomenal memory. With the encouragement of his parish priest—he comes from a devout Catholic family—he obtained a series of scholarships that took him through high school and university, where he received an intensive training in Greek, Latin, and ancient history. By German standards of the day he was the perfect pupil—conscientious and incurious. He graduated with high marks from a Bavarian teachers' college, intending to become a high-school teacher himself, but military duty prevented him from completing his doctoral dissertation. He does not, however, discourage people from addressing him as Herr Doktor, and likes to be described as a historian.

As a student in the Nazi era, Strauss conformed politically as well as scholastically. Membership in the National Socialist students' organization was inescapable if you wanted to get a diploma, and he did. Membership in the Motor Section of the students' Storm Trooper (SA) unit was necessary if you wanted to be able to ride a motorcycle without owning one, and young Strauss loved the throbbing power and speed of motorcycles, as he loves rockets today. (He was also a champion bicycle racer.)

Strauss always kept aloof from Nazi politics as such. When he went into the army in 1939 he continued to keep out of politics but took

his military duties very seriously. After service on the Western Front he was commissioned a second lieutenant in February, 1942, and was assigned to a front-line flak unit on the Eastern Front—a hazardous duty requiring courage and good nerves. A little less than a year later the fighting was ended for him when both his feet froze. Upon recovery he was assigned as instructor in a training unit near his home. He is remembered by men who served under him as a conscientious officer but a tough disciplinarian.

AFTER the debacle of Germany, Strauss landed a job as interpreter to a U.S. Civil Government regional officer—he speaks fluent English—and then with the support of the Occupation authorities was named to the local administration, whence he soon graduated to the permanent civil service. He became increasingly active in Bavarian poli-

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tics and rapidly made himself a power in the Christian Socialist Union through the classic method of hitching onto the coattails of established politicians and then switching to more influential ones as opportunity permitted.

As a campaigner he was a huge success from the first. He has a simple, black-and-white style of presenting his arguments—even *Der Spiegel* accuses him of a tendency to "think in slogans"—a stentorian voice, a large repertory of earthy jokes, and a wonderful, rough way with hecklers. As a Bundestag Deputy—he eventually became chairman of its Military Affairs Committee—Strauss, according to *Der Spiegel* and other reliable German sources, became one of the leading spokesmen of a group in the government coalition that favored German rearmament but resisted leaving responsibility for it to the pre-First World War generation on the ground that it would be too responsive to foreign influence.

In particular, Strauss repeatedly stressed the advisability of enhancing Germany's bargaining power by making the Allies take the initiative in promoting German rearmament. As early as 1947 he had apparently foreseen that the cold war would eventually oblige the West to recruit West Germany as an ally. At times he also advised going slow to avoid alarming Germany's future allies. In 1952, when there was some sentiment in the Bundestag for trying to muscle into NATO despite French opposition, Strauss said in a parliamentary debate: "I don't think we should really put our cards on

the table right away; that would be a sure way to lose the game."

In the 1955 elections the personal political machine that Strauss, a Minister without Portfolio since 1953, had been building up in Bavaria made a brilliant showing, and he became the unchallenged boss of the Christian Socialist Union, the C.D.U.'s Bavarian arm. On the strength of this he renewed his demands for a defense post in the new Adenauer Cabinet. The Chancellor temporarily appeased him with a vague promise for the future. (Later he served briefly as the Cabinet Minister responsible for questions of atomic energy.)

ALMOST immediately Strauss started undermining the position of the man whose job he coveted, Defense Minister Theodor Blank. Strauss's unquestionably sincere dislike of the European army project, which he feared would tie West Germany's hands in the military field and tend to rule out possibilities of diplomatic maneuver over reunification, furnished him some of his most effective ammunition in his war of attrition against Blank. In public he usually damned EDC with faint praise. When his party's support of of EDC came under attack from the Opposition, he was even capable of defending the proposed treaty with considerable vigor, as he did in a major speech before the Bundestag in December, 1952. But behind committee doors, in off-the-record talks with the press, and in political dinners, he was more outspoken. Blank, he frequently charged, was just a recruiting agent for a new kind of foreign legion.

As Strauss's impatience to get his hands on the huge concentration of power represented by the Defense Ministry grew, he is said to have threatened Adenauer that if he was not given the post he would pull the C.S.U. out of the government coalition and form a new government in alliance with the Social Democrats and the Free Democratic Party. Oddly enough, it was Admiral Radford who unwittingly put Strauss across the goal line. After the publication last summer of the so-called Radford Plan envisaging massive withdrawal of U.S. forces overseas, Strauss exploited Adenauer's fury at Washington's failure to give him advance information about the plan and convinced the Chancellor that with Strauss as Defense Minister the perfidious Yankees would meet their match, if not their master.

Since Strauss took over the Ministry, however, U.S. officials who have to deal with him say he has been highly co-operative and practices a straightforward frankness that convinces even the most suspicious among them that he has nothing up his sleeve.

Contrapuntal 'Future Music'

In his public speeches, and even more in informal party caucuses or off-the-record press conferences, Strauss has repeatedly stressed several closely related schemes.

One of these themes—the most discreetly developed one—is that the

growing isolationism of the United States may one day lead to the withdrawal of U.S. forces, and the necessity for Germany to take the vacant American place in Europe as the senior member of the western coalition. There appeared to be a reflection of this preoccupation in the complacency with which Strauss remarked to me: "In a strong, unified Europe, the physical presence of the United States troops might no longer be necessary."

Other themes are the need to defend German soil as far east as possible, and to obtain a decisive German voice in defense planning: "We shall and must prevent the formulation of any defense plans for Europe to which we do not agree," Strauss declared in a Bundestag speech in July, 1952.

In the course of my talk with him I remembered the interview he had recently granted *Der Spiegel* in which he specifically envisaged the possibility of limited war breaking out in Europe without the United States taking action unless it was directly attacked. Did he, I asked him, subscribe to the view that under contemporary conditions no nation can ever count fully on its allies to risk thermonuclear attack by coming to its aid unless they are directly attacked themselves, and that therefore no nation can be considered effectively independent unless it has independent means of

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atomic retaliation, however modest?

"Some of my French friends have talked to me in this vein," Strauss replied, "but I cannot bring myself to accept their view—which implies the collapse of the Atlantic Alliance in the hour of danger—at least not yet. In my view," Strauss continued, "there is only one sure guaranty of western survival. That is the development of a really unified Atlantic Community. But that is what we Germans call 'future music.' I would like to believe it. But I must confess something: After the war—I suppose that is the typical reaction of a defeated nation—we dreamed of losing our national identity in a big evolving international community. But we found that the burden of the past cannot be shaken off so lightly. So now we see we have to move ahead millimeter by millimeter—or should I be optimistic and say step by step?"

THIS slightly disillusioned view of international co-operation reassures some German and foreign observers here, who fear that the lofty "Europeanism" of Chancellor Adenauer and Foreign Minister von Brentano may be too good to last. They see West Germany with men like Strauss at the helm throttling down the rate of progress toward the international community of the future but taking care of the engines and keeping faithfully to the course laid down.

Others suspect that Strauss's talk about European integration or the Atlantic Community is merely a smoke screen veiling a shrewd and expedient nationalism. His public record up to now supplies arguments for both views.

In the end the speed and direction with which the Federal Republic and its controversial Defense Minister move will depend in good measure on the clarity, steadiness, and maturity of western policy in Europe and on the continued presence of American forces there. For men like Franz-Josef Strauss one of the essential realities in the international situation is the power of the United States. How they view the situation at a given moment may be largely determined by how they think that power is going to be used—or not used.

The Man from Arkansas Goes After Mr. Dulles

WILLIAM HARLAN HALE

A SPECTER is haunting the high-ceilinged office from which John Foster Dulles conducts the affairs of the State Department when he is in Washington. It is the knowledge that Senator Theodore Green, the mild and affable Rhode Islander who chairs the mighty Foreign Relations Committee, is close to his ninetieth birthday and that so long as a Democratic majority continues in power his inevitable successor is the Committee's next in line, J. William Fulbright of Arkansas, long Dulles's severest critic on the Hill and today his most implacable foe.

The figure on the Secretary's wall has already taken on ominous shape. Although Fulbright is still only the committee's No. 2 man, he is today the No. 1 man of a subcommittee newly appointed to investigate the recent conduct of American policy in the Middle East, with intent to sort out contradictory facts and explanations and discover why this country has met with such frustrations there.

In mid-March, while headlines were being monopolized by the search into labor racketeering, headed by Fulbright's Arkansas colleague, Senator John L. McClellan, the Fulbright group put on the stand its own first witness, C. D. Jackson, a vice-president of Time Inc. and former special assistant to President Eisenhower. Jackson had been reported as saying in a Toronto speech that our government, by canceling last July its project of financing Egypt's High Dam at Aswan, had deliberately provoked a crisis in the Middle East in order to force a showdown with the Soviets. Jackson's denial did not convince Chairman Fulbright, who inserted into the record witnesses' statements that this was indeed what Jackson had said.

The subcommittee's desire to get at the truth has been whetted by the publication of a laudatory volume on Dulles's Secretaryship by John Robinson Beal of *Time*, in which Dulles is similarly represented as having canceled the Aswan Dam deal in order to score a "cold war" triumph over the Soviets—a statement that does not jibe with the official explanations given. "It was necessary to call Russia's hand in the game of economic competition. . . ." writes Mr. Beal, echoing the disputed Jackson statement. "Dulles' bet was based on the belief that it would expose the shallow character of Russia's foreign economic pretensions . . . He risked the prestige of the United States on those beliefs . . ." In other words, brinkmanship once again. All this gives the Fulbright group ammunition against Dulles and strengthens its chairman's determination to bring him to account.

Fulbright's Opening Shot

The Fulbright investigation stems directly from a dramatic encounter that took place in the crowded Senate Caucus Room on the morning of January 24. That forenoon, Secretary Dulles found himself sitting in the witness chair for the third day of hearings being conducted jointly by the Foreign Relations and Armed Services Committees on the President's proposed Middle East defense resolution. The Administration had confidently expected to have no trouble with the new Eisenhower Doctrine on the Hill. With Chairman Green smoothing its way with the Democrats, it was to go through as swiftly and easily as had the Formosa defense resolution of 1955, when Green's predecessor, Senator Walter F. George, had shown himself a model of bipartisanship at the helm.

Yet by this third day it had become apparent that a current of opposition was stirring and that even usually amenable Democratic Senators were restive. Chairman Richard B. Russell of the Armed Services Committee had challenged the Administration's blanket request for

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Middle East funds and authority as leaving Congress "absolutely no power or no prerogatives," and he had visibly aroused Dulles by saying that the legislature was being asked to adopt a new program "pig-in-a-poke fashion."

But Dulles was taken completely by surprise when Senator Fulbright took up a manuscript and began reading from it in his measured, cultivated drawl one of the most sweeping indictments of a policy and a Cabinet official that have been heard in the Senate's precincts in our time.

While the accused sat red-faced and rigid, the heir presumptive to the Foreign Relations Committee chairmanship cited what he called the "dark and gloomy picture" of our affairs in the Middle East that Dulles himself had given at the hearings. From it he concluded that "Not since the turn of the century have our relations with the other peoples of the free world been so strained . . ." Our relations with our closest Allies in particular had suffered "a disastrous . . . collapse." He himself was not willing, he said, to vote the requested "blank check" to the Administration to "do as it pleases with our soldiers and with our money" in the Middle East, unless he had faith in those who were to exercise these powers. This faith he did not have. Before the Senate gave any vote of confidence in "the stewardship of Secretary Dulles" such as was implied in the present call for funds and authority, it should request from him a full, documented White Paper explaining how we had got ourselves into such a fix in the Middle East in the first place. Lacking this trust, Fulbright himself had no desire to make a sweeping grant to "people who have disproved their foresight, their wisdom, and their effectiveness in the field of foreign affairs."

PERSONS in Dulles's entourage later remarked that they had never seen their chief as aroused as he was on leaving the hearings that day. Not only his competence but, in effect, his good faith had been impugned. Emissaries of his, long inclined to write off Fulbright as an officious but ineffectual maverick, now began going about town with worried looks to ask possible intermediaries, "What's eating Bill Fulbright, anyway? What has he really got against the boss?"

If it were just that Fulbright of Arkansas had become seized by some burning personal dislike of John Foster Dulles, the matter might be passed off as simply another unhappy collision of political personalities. Some of these in themselves, of course, have led to explosive public results—as when the late Senator Henry Cabot Lodge's violent hatred of President Woodrow Wilson drove him to destroy all chances of America's participation in the League of Nations. But there is far more to the

Senator Fulbright

Fulbright opposition today than some private vendetta of the egghead of the Ozarks against the lofty former senior partner of Sullivan & Cromwell.

Many Senate colleagues, aware of Fulbright's background as a far-traveled Rhodes Scholar, instructor of law, and sometime university president, and put off by his pursuit of study and evident disdain for those who don't do the same, have long looked on him as possibly a good philosopher but certainly no great shakes as a politician and mobilizer. Within the precincts of their club, they have been inclined to echo the evaluation put on him by the State Department. Yet Fulbright's rising impatience with the "Dulles stewardship" over recent months has rubbed off on many Senators usually far less critical than he, and actually is now serving as a pole to galvanize opinion and—what is more—initiate action.

The Subcommittee's Birth

Late last year, Fulbright came home from a tour of NATO capitals convinced that abroad all semblance of trust in Dulles had vanished. December was also the nadir in relations at home between the Administration and the Senate. Only broken bits of information were passing up to the Hill. Just before the year's end, details of a bold new Presidential program for the Middle East were leaked—not to Senators but to the press. Key legislators were hurriedly summoned to the White House on New Year's Day for a publicized fill-in, although no text of what was afoot was shown them until the next day. The sudden atmosphere of urgency and high pressure that had been built up affronted several Senators—and Fulbright in particular.

On the Saturday before Senate hearings began on the Doctrine, a strategy meeting of Democratic committee members was held in Fulbright's own Room 409. It was the signal of commencing opposition. Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson himself, somewhat grudgingly in favor of the Eisenhower resolution and anxious above all not to have his party appear simply as obstructionist, felt a new wind blowing.

Ultimately, the mass of Senate Democrats did go down the line Eisenhower had requested—but not until they had subjected his foreign-policy management to thirteen days of harassing hearings. Fulbright himself stayed away from the final vote—a move that prompted some to call him a quitter. Yet he had not really been routed. In the meantime his demand for a White Paper had been taken up again with Johnson's blessing by the joint Foreign Relations and Armed Services Committees, which on January 29 presented the Department of State with the formidable request that it "provide a chronological statement, together with classified and unclassified supporting documents, telegrams, and the like, of all the events that have

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contributed significantly to the present situation in the Middle East. . . ." This call for a full accounting was voted unanimously, all the Republican members falling into line when the stipulation was added that the submitted record go back to the Truman days of 1946.

Secretary Dulles had no recourse but to comply. A month and a half passed. Finally a State Department delegation headed by Deputy Under Secretary Robert Murphy appeared on the Hill to meet with the subgroup appointed to conduct the investigation, consisting of Senators Mansfield, Wiley, Knowland, Byrd, and Saltonstall, with Fulbright in the chair. The officials brought with them a forbidding two-foot-high sample stack of historical papers, as if to suggest the size of the task of unearthing everything back to January, 1946. Fulbright, having just heard the C. D. Jackson testimony, proposed that they speed up their work by next producing a file on the recent and explosive subject of the Aswan Dam deal.

THE ASWAN documents are due at Fulbright's subcommittee headquarters at about the time of this writing. "We're ready for anything they've got to send us," remarked one of its investigators, with a sleuth's grim air of expectation. "We've just laid in plenty of combination-lock cabinets to hold Top Secret stuff." Foreign Relations Committeeman Wayne Morse, swept up by the excitement even before the dossiers are in, has declared on the Senate floor that there was "growing evidence of gross malfeasance in office by the Secretary of State." As for Fulbright himself, who started all this, the most he will say at the moment, looking over his glasses quizzically, is that the exercise may prove "highly educational all around."

'Not to Be Quiet'

Majority Leader Johnson's concern lest the Senators of his party appear to play simply an obstructionist part in our foreign relations is echoed by Fulbright himself, an ardent internationalist who first made his mark in Washington as the author of the wartime Fulbright Resolution calling for American participation in what was to become the United Nations. His proudest claim to fame is the Act under which thousands of traveling scholars have exchanged American and foreign experience under "Fulbright grants." He is not one to wish to be aligned in the public eye with such perennial nay-sayers as Senators Langer and Jenner.

Yet for all his belief in broad American commitments and alliances abroad, Fulbright holds that sweeping grants without strict accountability will not do. The blanket appeal to rally to whatever plans the Executive forms against Communism abroad would involve first of all the abdication of the Senate's duty to weigh, judge, and criticize. "Bipartisanship has become a concept like motherhood," says Fulbright. "You're supposed to be for it—no matter what!" But the true job of Congress, he declared in a speech to University of Maryland students the other day, "is not to be quiet and not rock the boat during the present Middle Eastern situation. . . . It is the role of the opposition party to oppose. And without a searching criticism of the Administration the party in power runs the danger of becoming self-righteous and lazy . . ."

". . . And uncandid," he might have added. For it is in this ground that his harshest arraignment of the "Dulles stewardship" is rooted. Fulbright went along dutifully with bipartisanship until the Administration early in 1954 made its decision to supply arms to Pakistan at the expense of good relations with India. This he denounced on the Senate floor, stating that the Foreign Relations Committee had not been consulted on the decision and that the Administration had given no concrete reasons for it. Beginning with the first instance of our huge grant of arms to Spain, the conviction also grew in him that Dulles's foreign-aid program was far too concerned with sheer military aspects and was shortsighted and unimaginative.

A Previous Skirmish

Early in 1956, he had the first of his blistering set-tos with Dulles. Covered by batteries of reporters and TV cameras in the Senate Caucus Room, Fulbright had several questions to put to the Secretary, who sat facing him across the table. The occasion was the foreign-policy debate aroused by the Administration's on-again, off-again hassle of shipping tanks to Saudi Arabia. "Unfortunately, they [the Soviets] seem to be making rapid progress, and especially in the Middle East, do they not?" asked Fulbright.

Squaring his jaw, Dulles answered, "I do not think so. . . . they are having to revise their whole program. . . . The fact is, they have failed, and they have got to devise new policies."

While Fulbright went on citing potential dangers to us in the Middle East and elsewhere in the world, Dulles continued in his euphoric vein: ". . . They have got to revamp their whole creed, from A to Z. . . . They are in a very bad way."

"Is the situation in the French government reassuring to you?" Fulbright pursued.

Dulles permitted himself an offhand smile. "Well, the French government is an interesting phenomenon." [Laughter]

Fulbright came away from the encounter with increased suspicion of the Administration's bland impulsiveness. A year later in the same room these responses came home to roost. Now, as Dulles himself was the first to admit, the Soviets were not only *not* retreating, but actually had been advancing all along in the Middle East. All the more reason, he insisted, for an immediate grant of funds to "hold the situation." It did not require a ripsnorting political prosecutor to confront and embarrass the frowning Dulles of 1957 with his reverse image of 1956. The slow, almost professorial tones of Fulbright were quite enough.

Fulbright has already shown his mettle in the role of investigator, as when back in 1951 he ruthlessly exposed the financial favoritism exercised by certain Administration intimates of mink-coat fame, in the course of his probe into the late Reconstruction Finance Corporation. At the Foreign Relations hearings in January, Fulbright again applied rugged cross-examination techniques when Henry A. Byroade, our Ambassador to Egypt during Nasser's international rise, took the stand—and Mr. Byroade's performance is one into which the Fulbright group wants to look further.

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FULBRIGHT: "What do you think is the urgency [of the Middle Eastern aid resolution]? Why do you feel qualified on advising the committee on how fast or how slow it should move?"

BYROADE: "Purely from a foreign-affairs point of view I think a protracted debate . . . shows a question of doubt. . . . I know how suspicious these people are . . . the quicker we can tell them, talk to them, the better."

FULBRIGHT: "How do you think this doubt about our policy arose? Why did the Middle East get into such doubt . . . ?"

BYROADE: "I don't think they had doubt about our policy prior to the creation of Israel and prior to the colonial problems which have arisen . . ."

FULBRIGHT: "Why is there such a doubt now? Why did you not straighten them out on our policy while you were there?"

The end of it was that Ambassador Byroade kept emphasizing, "You are getting out of my field, Senator."

Encouraging the Students

Whether or not Fulbright can follow through at this prosecuting pace and keep a mixed group of Senators with him remains to be seen. A striking fact about this man of many quirks and even more ideas is that many of his ideas have a way of taking hold.

One side effect of his performance during the past months—a surprisingly effective political operation by a man previously thought to be chiefly a specialist in analysis and reflection—is that it has encouraged some of his political colleagues to engage in comparable intellectual exercise in the hope that this may help them in dealing with the complex world issues of our time, and particularly with Secretary Dulles. Thus Majority Leader Johnson himself, not by background a student of foreign affairs, has lately been busily boning up and consulting regularly with both ex-Secretary Dean Acheson and even the incumbent himself. And Dulles in turn has been placed on notice that all his advocate's skills may now be needed in self-defense if he is to sustain the onslaught of the Arkansan who looks as if he had every intention of unseating him.

VIEWS & REVIEWS

Interim

A short story set in the future

PATRICIA ALVIS KOSOBUD

IN THE AFTERNOONS I take the children to play in the city's one remaining strip of park, which lies between the Memorial Cannon and the district anti-missile base. What a marvelous history lesson it provides for them—the quaint old First World War weapon and the latest in intricate design for defense. We've made tremendous progress in the fifty short years that lie between them. Of course, the children prefer the old cannon, on which they climb or play at old-fashioned war games, to the new one, which is fenced off from them and well guarded.

I always make it a point to leave by 4:30, no matter how the children

protest, because John has to go to Civil Defense at seven o'clock so he only sees them for two hours each day. On the street we walk along, many of the shops have been converted for family living. The plate-glass windows have either been replaced with boards or draped and painted in gay colors. The food and supply outlets are in some of the larger stores, and we pick up our Freedom Ration on the way home.

WE LIVE in the old Kominski School building. They were going to tear it down when the board of education was dissolved, but our local citizens' committee protested and was able to salvage it. We were awfully pleased when we were accepted as tenants. We have a whole classroom just for the five of us, and since it had been condemned we don't have to pay any rent, just taxes and what we have to spend for upkeep.

At first everybody chipped in and bought coal for the furnace, but when it broke down two years ago the tenants' committee voted not to fix it. Coal rationing was about to start and we felt that the ration wouldn't be adequate for the furnace anyway. John has rigged up an ingenious fireplace for us. He got some bricks from an apartment house that collapsed not far away and bought some old stovepipe to make an outlet in the window. It hardly smokes at all, and the coal ration is enough for at least a little fire on the coldest winter days. We wear coats all winter in the house and the children have had very few colds. All in all, our arrangement is much better than the one small room in an old apartment where we used to live.

The children think it's very funny when we tell them that one family used to take a whole apartment. When I stop to think, it *is* strange. When John and I were first married ten years ago, we had a three-room place and we talked of needing more space when we had children. Of course, no one could then have foreseen how successful our industrial leaders would be at bringing people from unproductive farms and small towns into the big cities where they are needed.

When they did begin coming, in droves, just at the time C.D. ordered the curtailment of all nondefense building, everybody thought it wouldn't work, but then the zoning laws were relaxed. People quickly

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began to move in with others who were compatible, and for a time there were actually vacant apartments to the west of us.

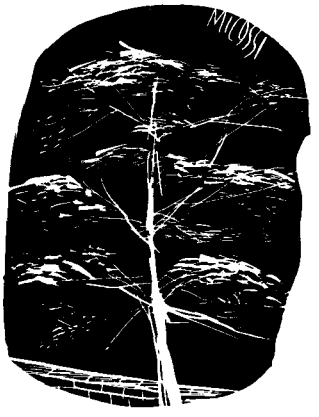
I was rather sorry when the schools closed because I didn't feel at all equal to the job of educating the children at home, but on the whole it has turned out pretty well. We tell them all we can about what is happening, and of course they listen to the TV for hours, especially in winter when they have to stay bundled up in bed to keep warm. There is quite a wide range of programs geared to the various age groups throughout the day, so that all the children can know at least something about history, geography, science, and the arts. My children, who have never been to school (Mike was not quite five when the schools closed), find nothing unusual in the situation. The older children missed the classroom at first, but they adjusted quickly, as children do, and for the teen-agers, of course, the Civil Defense Cadets began soon afterward.

Some of the women in our block have been discussing the possibility of starting some sort of pre-cadet group for the children between six and twelve. We think it would be a good thing for them to get more experience in group projects. They could do much the same sort of thing they do now, but in small organized groups. Certainly the scavenging trips could be improved by a little organization. As it is now, they just wander about aimlessly the whole morning, picking up whatever they find. Very often the younger ones like Mike and Joe will find a bit of cardboard or wood for window repair and fuel supplement, only to have the bigger boys take it away from them. There are always fights, and neither John nor I want them to grow up believing that the strong rule the weak.

John and I have tried our best to instill in them the democratic principles that are our heritage, but we and many parents like us feel that it is becoming more difficult in these times to make our words have any meaning. John tells me that I should be careful not to say anything that might sound like prejudice, and I must say it disturbs me that we must live in such close contact with people who have no thought in life but their own well-being. Many of these people only came to the city because of the money to be made in the factories. They have no concept of the real meaning of our great defense preparations. And as far as I can tell, they have more impact on our children than we have on theirs. Certainly we have always taught them fair play and the peaceful solution of differences.

Last Sunday we went to see the new shelter that's just been finished at the University. We're assigned to it so we thought it was particularly important for the children to see it. They were very excited, even little Laura, and ran from room to room. They were especially fascinated by the hospital section. It is admirably equipped and will even handle maternity cases, they tell me. I found myself wondering if our fourth child would be born there. A lot can happen in seven months. Mike was born at Lying-In just before C.D. took it over. Joe and Laura were "do-it-yourself projects," as we call them.

You have to see a shelter to appreciate it. They have everything imaginable to make life easy and



comfortable, a veritable monument to American technology. There are sleeping cubicles for individual families, with bunks on the walls and foam-rubber mattresses. I could have carried them away, thinking of our lumpy beds at home. There are bathrooms, beautifully tiled, with ample fixtures for the corridor of families each serves. And then there are spacious recreation rooms, with books and records and games. The children's facilities are separate and furnished to fit the tastes of different age groups, much better planned than any of the public or private schoolrooms I taught in before Mike was born. There is a modern kitchen with facilities to cook for the whole shelter and a delightfully pleasant dining room. The laundry room is equipped with automatic washers and dryers. Here again I felt pangs of longing. We didn't see the storerooms, but were told that there are enough frozen foods there to take care of the entire population for a month. All the utilities are powered by an atomic generator and there are tanks of water more than adequate for a month's needs.

One misses windows at first, but the whole building is so cheerfully lighted and so well air-conditioned that after the first few moments I forgot that windows had ever existed.

We came aboveground well pleased and John said he didn't begrudge one bit the evenings he spends working for C.D. When we got home we felt dissatisfied with our surroundings and indulged our selfish feelings for a while.

At bedtime, Mike and Joe, still exhilarated by what they had seen, kept chattering long after little Laura had gone to sleep and even after lights-out at nine.

"Are we really going to live there some day?" Joe asked.

"Some day," said John with a smile.

"When?"

"Oh, I suppose when the attack comes," I said.

"Yippee!" shouted Mike. "I hope they hurry up."

"It probably won't be long," John assured them. "Now you'd better get to sleep. Come on, into bed, both of you!"

John and I sat on the edge of our bed long after they had gone to sleep. Through the window, a gentle spring breeze brought fresh cool air to the room. The moon shone brightly on the abandoned play yard outside, casting lights and shadows in the broken concrete.

"I'm glad we went," John said. "It helps to bring meaning to what we tell them."

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Uncle Lionel's Career in Parliament

SYDNEY D. BAILEY

My Uncle Lionel was elected to the House of Commons just after the First World War. He sat "in the Liberal interest," as he always put it, though everyone knew that his main interest was himself. Indeed, I doubt whether he was a Liberal in any real sense. Temperamentally he was an independent individualist, and his ideal House of Commons would have consisted entirely of independents, all of them sharing his views in every respect. He could then have combined the duties of Prime Minister and Leader of the Opposition.

The Liberal Party in the House in those days was divided into two factions, each with about sixty adherents. Uncle Lionel had a certain respect for his Tory opponents and he recognized the inevitability of the Labour Party. But for the so-called Liberals of the opposing group he had the utmost contempt. He could think of no words to describe their infamy. Like most people, Uncle Lionel regarded heresy as a more heinous crime than unbelief.

He had entered politics via the Methodist Church, or vice versa. In his mind, at any rate, the two were inseparable. He arranged his political engagements to fit in with his preaching. He loved addressing people from platforms, and it mattered little to him whether the slogan at the back of the hall was "Fair Shares" or "God Is Love."

He was at his best in public extempore prayer. He was on terms of considerable intimacy with the Almighty, with whom he regularly discussed important questions of the day as between equals. "The glory of prayer," he once confided to us, "is that there are no Rules of Order. You cannot be checked for irrelevance or repetition as you can in Parliament." I remember how on one occasion he started a prayer with the words "As Thou hast no doubt read in today's Manchester *Guardian* . . ."

Liberal Weather

We were always mystified about how Uncle Lionel secured the Liberal nomination. When he appeared before the election committee, he was asked to give a summary of his political views. "I'm for Welsh Disestablishment and against war, drink, the coddling of the working classes, and the Tories." According to his story, the committee beamed approvingly and offered him the nomination.

The election campaign took place in the autumn, and Uncle Lionel

toured the constituency on a bicycle, praising Welsh Disestablishment and denouncing war, drink, the coddling of the working classes, and the Tories. His theory of electoral strategy was simple. He figured that the program of the party or the personality of the candidate made little difference. The only factor was the weather: Good weather with bright sunshine favored the Tories, bad weather with heavy rain the Socialists. As a Liberal candidate, Uncle Lionel prayed vehemently for drizzle.

It was perfect Liberal weather on polling day. We all went along after the poll to watch the count, and Uncle Lionel was in a fine humor. He chattered amiably with the scrutineers and caused a mild sensation by inviting his two opponents to have a bite of supper with him after the result had been declared. The Tory, a retired colonel, declined pompously. The Socialist announced defiantly that he was not to be bought.

Just before midnight the returning officer announced that Uncle Lionel was in.

The whole family had to go to Westminster for his maiden speech. It is the custom in the House of Commons that the choice of those who shall have the privilege of addressing the House rests with the Speaker. The principles on which the Speaker operates are unknown and unpredictable, but there is one rule which seems to have been firmly established for several centuries. Members who have not yet spoken may choose the occasion of their maiden speech. Its substance is supposed to be uncontroversial, and the manner of delivery diffident.

Uncle Lionel gave a good deal of consideration to when it would be most opportune to deliver his maiden speech. He settled on 3:30 P.M. on a Thursday as the best hour, figuring that this would be in time to catch the London evening papers and that the speech would not be stale for the local weekly paper in his constituency, which came out at midday on Friday.

He had to wait a good many Thursdays before a subject came along with which he felt competent to deal. In the end he decided to speak on the second reading of the Milk (Consequential Provisions) bill, drawing attention to the nutritional benefits of milk compared with alcoholic beverages. As it happened, he had to speak immediately after a Minister who contended, surprisingly enough, that the nutritional value of milk had been greatly exaggerated. As the Minister was using a brief prepared by the chief scientific officer of the Ministry, his case was effectively argued. In the circumstances, Uncle Lionel found it difficult to make his reply sound uncontroversial.

Venture into Matrimony

At the height of his undistinguished career, Uncle Lionel was united in holy matrimony with his secretary, Cecilia Tupping. She bore him sev-

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en children and all in all was a devoted wife. Her hobby was Eastern religions, and she never quite understood her husband's staunch views on Welsh Disestablishment. After his death she became a Buddhist. She had wanted to do this earlier but seemingly felt it was impossible to attain nirvana while married to a politician.

Uncle Lionel was a faithful husband though hardly a good one. He addressed Aunt Cecilia and my cousins as though they were a public meeting. If Aunt Cecila tried to interrupt, he would say sharply, "I'll take questions at the end." He had developed an interrogative manner of speaking which was no doubt an effective technique for Westminster but hardly endeared him to his family. "Are you aware that . . . ?" he would firmly assert. His questions were of the type that brooked no answer.

'Fair Trade!'

Uncle Lionel made innumerable speeches, wrote innumerable letters, joined innumerable committees, and laid innumerable foundation stones. He became a justice of the peace, a junior whip (unpaid), and a member of the House of Commons Kitchen Committee. After twenty years of devoted service in the House, he was made a Member of the Order of the British Empire in the Birthday Honours, and this entitled him to put M.B.E. after his name along with M.P. and J.P.

In his last years Uncle Lionel became less agile, mentally and physically. He found it very difficult to adjust himself to the austerities of the Second World War, and he suspected that food rationing was a disguised method of coddling the working classes, though he could never explain his suspicion in rational terms.

He died, as he would have wished, in harness. One evening, while he was haranguing the House on the evils of wartime economic controls, a cheeky young Tory interrupted him with a shout of "fair trade!" Uncle Lionel thought he said "air raid!" and immediately ducked under the bench, striking his head on a sharp corner. He never recovered consciousness.

Excerpts From an Indian Journal—III

CHRISTINE WESTON

New Delhi

It is getting hot. With every day I feel the increasing pressure of heat. "In little while—hell!" says Usha, and I can already see her beginning to wilt at the prospect. Curled up in a corner of the sofa she reads her prayers aloud or sits quietly in her white muslin sari, her eyes closed, sighing. Then she looks at me and repeats with a kind of muted despair, "In few days worse than hell!"

Krishna spreads a reed mat on the living-room floor and there Usha joins me, since it is the coolest spot in the house, directly under the electric fan. This she has set at the slowest possible speed on the assumption that it helps conserve the current and makes it less expensive.

The patio, a comfort on cool winter days, has become a white-hot crucible against which the bougainvillaea blazes ferocious defiance. Everywhere life seems to be draining; one can see it, hear it almost—a diminuendo of energy. The marvel is that people retain enough reserves to carry them through the day. You can put a lot of the Asians' apathy and sloth down to the climate, for with a temperature of 106 and the lowest-calorie diet in the world, why should they give much of a damn about anything? I can scarcely bear to look at Krishna as, stripped to the waist in his dhoti, he goes about his work punctual and uncomplaining. Passing the kitchen on my way to the shower, I see him working in his airless cave, preparing our meals and washing the dishes afterward. When our eyes happen to meet I know that my smile is a grimace of shame and apology that I should enjoy the meager luxury of that fan while he has nothing.

Going out to dine with English and American friends, I feel the contrast between our household and theirs as a terrific physical sensation that brings a rush of awareness, as when I was a child and violent contrasts were less uncommon than they were later to become—those great handsome, high-ceilinged, airy rooms of the ambassadorial and consular people, the cheerfully insolent manner of their servants in spruce livery, the spacious gardens parched now with heat but still shaded, still the free abode of birds and of what air there might be. I become obsessed by these contrasts—to be cool when the weather is hot, to be warm when it is cold, to have the right kind of clothes, the right kind of food and enough of it; to enjoy ease, peace of mind, and above all space for the body and the mind and untrammeled vistas for the eye to see and the imagination to function in. There is almost agonizing delight in grasping the smallest comfort or luxury.

The look of Usha's daughter Lekha in spotless, crisp white cotton is like a breath of Himalayan air. The scent of a jasmine garland brings me to a dead stop in my tracks. I feel like some sort of stringed instrument upon which the slightest touch evokes a dissonant chord.

Drinking tea by the window, I look out and see that the little tree in the street is covered with new leaves and know now that summer is coming. Hell, as Usha says, with its blinding light and gasping winds, all life reversing the principle of the Arctic zones and going on a half ration of effort, scarcely moving, panting in dark corners, lying sleepless on roof and pavement at night, adjusting and readjusting its dwindling balance of vitality for the ordeal ahead.

But today the sky is overcast and the air has a breath of freshness, and on the pavement under my window the bicycle repairman has just arrived and is spreading his bit of cloth and arranging the tools of his trade. He occupies very little space and makes

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a kind of home for himself with his back against the tree trunk, imposing on those two or three yards of dusty ground a domesticated look, as I have noticed in the countryside when villagers use the shade of a tree as caravanserai, and nature collaborates, its wildness gone, the beaten earth and tenacious fibers of its being an inextricable feature of human existence.

This economy, this share and share alike between men, beasts, and vegetation, has a curious effect on me. In the mustard fields a straw shelter five feet long supported on two sticks serves as house for the peasant who sleeps there at night and during the day keeps watch lest the wild pigs and the antelope eat his crops. Water and two thin chupatties are his meal, a strip of cloth his dress. Compared to the city, the country has a lean and muscular spareness which I find beautiful. But even in the city there is something of the same character of physical economy in the bazaars with their cubbyhole shops, each with three walls lined with goods, floor spread with a white cloth in the center of which squats the merchant, so close to his wares that by stretching out an arm he can reach whatever he needs.

This sense of intimacy with everything external is everywhere apparent. Cattle and dogs and birds meander through the crowded streets, sharing space and air with humanity on equal terms. There is an incrustation of life. One wonders what people do about their private affairs, their sexual relations; where they can possibly find room and seclusion, what chance there can possibly be for dalliance, for grace.

Sitting up here in my room I notice a movement out of the corner of my eye, on the rug beside me, and instinctively draw up my feet. Then I see that two sparrows have hopped into the house from outdoors and seem quite at home on my rug, pecking for crumbs dropped there from the tea tray. They are not disturbed by my movements and one hops on to my foot and thoughtfully contemplates my toes, then hops off again. Even here, nature is sure of its right to share. Having picked up whatever there is on the rug, the birds hop out again and I hear them fly out through the dining-room skylight through which they probably flew in.

The Prime Minister's Gardener

Their departure is the signal for the appearance of Zed and Nirmal, who, hearing me typing, come strolling between the curtains and sit down on the bed. At home this interruption would have annoyed me, thrown me off work for the day, but now like the intrusion of the sparrows it seems unavoidably part of the picture. I like these boys—Zed all legs and angles, Nirmal small and compact, a doll by comparison.

"What luck?" I ask Zed, knowing that he has been seven weeks trying to get official clearance for some reportorial project on which he has come all the way from the United States, armed with letters of introduction and many cordial assurances from Indian representatives in New York. Zed has gone the rounds of government bureaus and ministries,

waved on from Minister to Minister, from secretary to secretary, from under-secretary to under-under-secretary, and from the uncles and cousins and influential friends of all these people. "In India matters take a little more time than perhaps they do in your country!" But it has taken seven weeks and almost all Zed's limited supply of time and money, and now he learns that his file, complete with all pertinent documents relating to his project, has disappeared. When last seen it was reposing among numerous other such files on the desk of the personal assistant to the under-secretary to the secretary to the Minister of Something-or-Other.

"I'm told," Zed says gloomily, "that it is now about to begin its second round of the circuit. The first round took seven weeks. This will take another seven weeks. By that time some of the secretaries will have been fired for incompetence or stealing pencils, and the new ones won't know anything about my file so will send it back to the ones who do know or who say they do. By the time it reaches *them* they will have been fired or retired or gone on leave or have forgotten all about it, so it will be returned to the office where I first took it, and which I later learned had no jurisdiction over the matter at all. After that it will start on the third round . . ."

NIRMAL interposes sympathetically, "Have you talked with Mr. Dev Chand?"

"The man with the bald head?"

"No, that is another Mr. Dev Chand. The one I mean is a nephew of the Minister of Communications and he is a very good chap."

"What does the Minister of Communications have to do with my file?"

"Well, nothing, but he is a good chap and he might be able to help."

"I have just come from seeing the cousin of the Minister for Internal Affairs, and he is a good chap too and told me that he might be able to help me. He gave me the name and telephone number of a brother of the Minister for Information, who is another very good chap, and *he* wrote a note for me to the uncle of the Prime Minister's gardener, who is an even better chap and specializes in raising sweet peas."

"Perhaps," Nirmal says after a pause, "perhaps it would be best for you to try and get a personal interview with the Prime Minister himself, and put your case before him. In the end it is the only thing that works."

"Good idea," agrees Zed, without conviction. "How should I set about arranging it?"

"Well, I have a cousin who is a good friend of the Prime Minister's Parliamentary secretary . . ."

Zed and I laugh, and Nirmal looks at us with a smile. "Very well," he says, shrugging. "But you should know by now that that is the way things get done here."

"It seems to be the way things

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don't get done," Zed retorts. "Every foreigner I know seems to have had the same experience."

"I know," Nirmal says, suddenly grave. "It is no laughing matter."

"Too many relatives," says Zed. "You should stop at first cousins. After that it becomes confusing."

He goes on to speak of his reasons for coming to India. "I was bored at home. I felt that my generation was just piddling along doing things it really didn't want to do—the expedient thing, compromising, fooling itself on its importance and being fooled. I imagined that in India I might be able to do a job no one else has yet done."

Nirmal's smile becomes melancholy. "That is the way I felt about England, the way I still feel about England. And yet there is something very strong about the idea of home, and like you I believed that here in India I could do a job no one else has done yet. But our newspapers are owned by the rich and powerful; they back the government and are backed by the government. Do you imagine that under such circumstances journalism of an independent and responsible nature, such as my English education has taught me to believe in, would be tolerated? I tell you I feel like a hack. I *am* a hack."

Agony in the Post Office

Zed broods. "Listen, Nirmal. Why is bureaucracy in this India of yours such a colossal mess compared, say, even to the bureaucracy of France?"

"Well, in the first place, we inherited this bureaucracy from the British, and the top trained personnel left when they did. Instead of retaining only what was good, we have carefully removed that and have substituted as much as we possibly could of what is bad. We believe that the more people there are messing about and getting in each other's way, the quicker and more efficiently things will get done. In the second place we are timid. We will not take responsibility for anything if we can avoid it, so there is this continual what you call passing of the buck. Have you ever taken a look inside our post offices and our banks?"

"Have we!"

"Let us say that you wish to register a letter. First you take it to one window and when you have finally managed to get the attention of the clerk, he will reluctantly take your letter, examine it as if he had X-ray eyes, weigh it, and give it back to you with instructions about the amount of postage you must buy—at another window. You go to the stamp window and stand in line while one clerk who cannot count denominations attends to the customers and two other clerks sit about picking their noses and scratching themselves.

"Eventually you get your stamps and go back to the registration window to find that you have lost your place in the queue and must wait your turn all over again. You then hand your letter to the clerk, which he re-examines as if he had never seen it before and as if he now suspected it of concealing subversive matter. He then riffles through a book of instructions in quest of God knows what. He cannot find the information he wants so wanders away with your letter to another part of the office and confers at length with his brother-in-law in the money-order department. At last he comes back, looking at you all the time as though he suspected you of some vague and undefinable crime. That is one way of making himself appear intelligent. By the time you have got your receipt half an hour will have elapsed. And all this delay when the place is crawling with clerks doing nothing. On the other hand, if you do not register an important letter requiring considerable postage, someone will steam off the stamps to sell them, and your letter will never reach its destination."

AFTER a long silence Zed seems to pick the thought out of Nirmal's mind. "Communism is probably the answer for your people."

"The knout," I say, thinking of my own letters gone astray. "Forced-labor camps for the lazy and corrupt. Have you thought of that?"

"Not for me," Nirmal says. "Not by choice anyway. I am too civilized."

"Of course," Zed muses at a tangent, "Marxism is a hundred years old. Makes me think of an old prostitute trying to seduce a teen-ager."

"Well," say I, "the truth is that no matter where you find yourself you can't get away from society, or from the fact that whether you like it or not you owe it something."

"A trap," agrees Zed. "Perhaps that's why Nirmal ran away to England, to get away from Indian society. Perhaps that's why I came to India. We're all looking for an exit."

He continues morosely: "Every society is hell-bent to make you responsible for something whether you want to be or not—responsible for your parents, your brothers and sisters, your wife and kids, your friends, your community, yourself. At home we call it 'togetherness.' Here you call it the joint family. Doesn't matter whether you are equal to the job or not—you're stuck with it."

THE CURTAINS part noiselessly and Lekha appears, knitting as usual. She carries that knitting on the bus to and from her work at the girls' school where she teaches, brings it to meals, takes it to bed, and gets up with it in the morning. I wonder whether there is something compulsive about this. Perhaps it helps her let off some of the pressure I seem to detect working in her like yeast. She is so composed, so restrained, except for those swiftly moving, delicate pale hands with their varnished nails.

Now, dressed in a summer sari of white cotton with a deep blue border, her black hair shining, she moves into the room without a sound. Without looking up, without acknowledging the presence of any of us, she seats herself on the bed between Zed and Nirmal.

"I heard the jabber," she tells us coolly. "I simply couldn't stay away. What's all *this* about responsibility?"

Nirmal tells her. She says without looking up from her knitting: "Why should you object to the idea of responsibility, if I might ask?"

"Simply because one is not given the choice of accepting it or rejecting it," says Zed, and Nirmal adds: "I think we should make a distinction between a refusal to incur responsibility and the failure to discharge our responsibilities once we have incurred them." He waits expectantly as though for an editorial reprimand, and Lekha lays her knitting on her lap.

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The kumkum spot between her brows has been freshly applied and shines like a drop of blood. She has a fresh, virginal look, rather severe but curiously appealing.

"If you want to know what I think, it is that a lot of what is wrong with us Indians, and with you Americans, is this breakdown in the attitude toward responsibility. More and more the burden falls on a few who are brave enough to take it, and I don't think that is fair."

She speaks without passion, almost without feeling. Yet I get a sudden glimpse into her mind—a glimpse of something stern, perhaps bitter, and I remember that she is the sole support of her mother and herself, and that this is said to be one reason why she has never married.

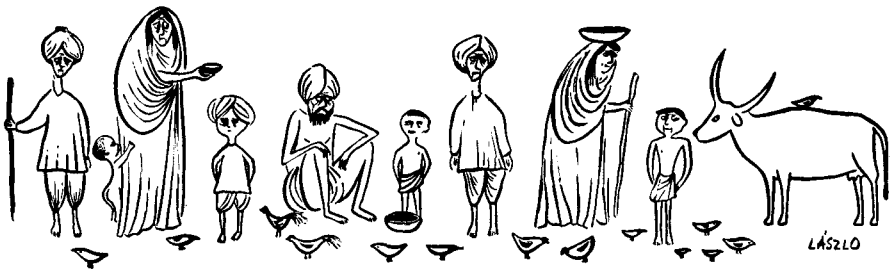
The Headmaster Arrives

Rao sends me a card of admission to Parliament House where the Prime Minister is to make a speech, and meets me at the entrance. Formality descends on him as he struts beside me trying to appear twice as tall as he really is. It occurs to me that consciously or unconsciously he apes his idol, the P.M., and I even catch a likeness, a caricature, absurd and pathetic. Yet this loyalty to Nehru, this single-minded devotion, touches me. He would, I believe, quite readily die for his boss.

We mount the steps of Parliament House, between the uniformed guards, and he tells me that my seat is in the distinguished visitors' gallery. "You will see and hear everything from there."

In the great circular chamber, Congress caps predominate except in the Opposition benches, where the Bengali shawl and dhoti offer a conspicuous contrast. The House messengers in their showy gold-and-scarlet liveries—leftovers from the days of the British raj—stand against the walls or scurry to and fro carrying notes from one Member to another. They do this, for some reason, in a sort of running crouch, their high-crested frilled turbans making me think of peacocks scuttling through mustard fields.

Several of the M.P.s seem to have come for no better reason than to take a quiet nap. Caps over their noses, they rest their arms on the backs of the seats before them and slumber peacefully. There is a murmur of voices, a flutter of papers, a relaxed, uninterested air to the whole thing. I recognize a few faces, but Rao is not among them. A Member is speaking in Hindi but there is something wrong with the microphone and I catch only a word here and there. No one seems to be paying any attention to him. I speculate on how long it will be before



a sleeping Member slides off his bench to the floor.

The Speaker reaches out a hand and touches a bell. It is a signal for the Honourable Member that his time is up, but he meanders on as if he had not heard. The bell rings again and the voice sinks reluctantly and inconclusively into silence.

Then I notice a slight commotion at the entrance to the Chamber, and the Prime Minister enters and walks quickly, with his catlike step, down the aisle to his seat below and to the right of the Speaker's dais. As if at a signal people pour in and in a few minutes every seat is taken. Some of the drowsy M.P.s rouse themselves and set their caps straight. The man next to me in the gallery gives an anticipatory belch. One feels a quickening in the air, like that of a classroom when the headmaster makes an unexpected appearance.

I WATCH Nehru. In this setting as in every one in which I have seen him, he has a special distinction, a kind of architectural grace that sets him apart not only from the crowd but from other figures of a corresponding importance. I wonder how much this impression is due to a fixed image of him in my consciousness—the image of a great man, a leader. But it seems to me that his personality pushes through the façade built around it, that despite the mythology and the artificiality of pomp and circumstance, he remains uniquely himself. Of every great public figure one has seen in person or in newspaper pictures or on the screen, this man, like Gandhi before him, gives a curious impression of *availability*. No bodyguards for him, no bulletproof vest or glass! And looking at him, listening to his voice, one feels that one has known him all one's life.

As he rises to speak I recall fragments of what I have heard said about him by those who know him intimately and those who like to talk as if they did. "The greatest man of our age, greater even than Gandhi." "An intellectual out of step with the role he has been called upon to play." "A radical of the watered-down variety." "Incorruptible patriot." "A male prima donna, neither clever nor profound." "A spoiled child grown to be a spoiled man, owing his position to the gullibility of the masses and the self-interest of his clique." "Savior of India . . . après Nehru, le monsoon!"

There he stands in his close-fitting garments, his skin caramel-colored under the white Congress cap that becomes him as it does no one else, a rose in his buttonhole. As he begins to speak I feel a familiar shock of surprise. It is a low-pitched voice, almost without accent; there are no mannerisms, few gestures, a good deal of hesitation and reaching for a word he does not always find. Gradually as I listen I get again that impression of a headmaster of a preparatory school invited to address a university graduating class. And here are no illiterate villagers come to take the dust from his feet; he is among his peers, or at any rate among those who consider themselves his peers, yet the schoolmaster psychology often gets the upper hand. He lectures, he admonishes, he scolds. But he is no orator and somehow one finds oneself grateful for the fact.

(This is the last of a series of articles on India by Miss Weston.)

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Electronic Music: Untouched by Human Hands

ROGER MAREN

No artistic novelty in recent years has developed as rapidly or has attracted as much attention in so short a time as electronic music. Made entirely by electronic and mechanical means, this music is not yet ten years old, but there are already studios for its production in Germany, France, Italy, Japan, Canada, and the United States. Until quite recently it was the property of a small musical *avant-garde*. Now Hollywood uses it. Engineering and musical societies convoke meetings to discuss it. RCA has built a machine to produce it. Music and audio-engineering magazines devote a good deal of space to it, and prominent conductors and composers are involved with it.

Essentially, it is music that uses electronic sound generators instead of standard instruments and is performed by machines instead of human beings. The purpose of it is to relieve the composer of limitations and restrictions imposed by fiddles, horns, clarinets, concert artists, rehearsal time, and all the other purely reproductive aspects of traditional music. With the machines now available, he can work entirely with sound. Should he wish to use the sounds of standard instruments and the forms of traditional music, he may simulate them electronically. Should he wish to create entirely new sounds and forms, the means are available. In other words, he can now produce a Bach Invention for Harpsichord without the aid of either harpsichord or harpsichordist. Or he can—if he has the imagination—produce music the like of which has never before been heard.

This may seem uncanny at first, but it will appear less so when we consider how familiar we are with devices that exploit the analogy between sound and electricity. Microphones, for example, convert sound into electrical oscillations; loudspeakers reconvert them into sound. It should not be difficult then to imagine these oscillations being produced synthetically. This is, in fact, the method of tone production used in such instruments as the Hammond Organ, the Novachord, and the Theremin. Such instruments do not concern us here, however, because they are restricted in range and are meant to be played by a human performer. Given the present advanced state of electronic technology, there is no reason why one could not build a machine capable of producing with great accuracy any pitch, with any loudness or tone color, within the audible range. Furthermore, elimination of the performer in electronic music should not seem too startling. Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven constructed pieces for clockwork and music-box mechanisms. And they were neither the first nor the last to take advantage of the possibilities offered by musical automation. In this regard electronic music does not introduce new principles, it merely employs modern techniques—chiefly sound recording in the form of tape, disc, or sound film.

Manipulative Music

The actual method by which an electronic composition is constructed varies somewhat from studio to studio, but in no instance is it an easy business. At the Northwest German Radio Station in Cologne, for example, the process runs roughly as follows: First the composer notates his composition in terms of the electrical and mechanical analogues for every sound in the piece. These indications must be extremely precise, since the nuances and subtleties of dynamics, phrasing, and rhythm that are left to the performer in our traditional system must all be included in a score to be mechanically performed. The completed score will be, consequently, a set of minute specifications for the electrical and mechanical construction of the piece. With these specifications, the composer and a technician can set about making the sounds. They may be sounds generated simply from an electronic source and then recorded on tape, or they may require modification when once recorded. The possibilities at this stage are innumerable. By varying the speed of playback, by reversing the direction of the tape, by filtering, cutting, splicing, and so on, the original sound may be completely altered. Once all the sounds are constructed and stored on tape, they can be assembled in rhythmic patterns—every length of tape representing a certain playback time. Then, by multiple recordings, many patterns may be superimposed to gain effects similar to harmony and counterpoint. When, after weeks or even months of work for each minute of music, the tape is finally assembled, the music is completed. Performance results when the tape is run through a playback machine.

Another method of producing electronic music is offered by the Electronic Music Synthesizer designed by Harry F. Olson for RCA. It is a huge electronic tone generator—seven cabinets each about six feet high, several feet wide, and several feet deep—and it is capable of producing almost any sound, imaginable or unimaginable. The first job facing a composer who uses this machine is to take one melodic line of his piece and reduce every pitch, color, duration, intensity, and every nuance to a code set up in terms of holes punched into a paper record by means of a typewriterlike keyboard. The paper record is then used to feed directions to the machine in the same way as information is fed to a "mechanical brain" or electronic computer. The machine accurately translates the information into sound patterns that are automatically recorded on a disc. Similar operations are performed for all the melodic lines. They are then mixed by multiple recording. The finished product is a disc of the composition that can be played back on any phonograph.

One of the greatest advantages of the RCA machine is that it obviates

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a lot of the arduous work the Cologne studio undertakes. It has brought electronic music out of the horse-and-bugg stage. But the Synthesizer still does not present what, from a composer's or arranger's point of view, would be the ideal situation—direct composition on records without the need of building every complex sound from its components. Norman MacLaren of the Canadian National Film Board demonstrated many years ago that this could be achieved by drawing sound-producing patterns on movie film. Although his first experiments were quite crude, recent work has shown that the sounds can be both highly complex and delicately controlled. Nevertheless, the technique, though theoretically ideal, is far from perfect, and other methods of direct sound production are being sought by a number of individuals and laboratories both here and abroad.

'Providence' and the Machine

In the face of all this technological activity, one begins to realize that electronic sound production can be a fascinating plaything for engineers. But do musicians really need such gadgets? The answer depends on the musician. Most composers are content to continue with traditional methods, but many feel that these methods are much too limiting to allow any really fundamental musical advance. Traditional instruments, for example, put restrictions on the range of pitch and tone color that can be employed. If a composer feels it necessary to break these restrictions, he needs new sound sources. And the complexity of so-called "advanced" music has already reached a limit beyond which it cannot go if it is to be performed on any instrument by a human being—at any rate, by a normal human being given the usual amount of rehearsal time. If a composer feels that his music must go beyond this limit, mechanical performance becomes a necessity. "If we believe that the evolution of music cannot come to a full stop," wrote the composer Roman Vlad, "then it is at present only through electronic means that we can progress. . . . It is in fact historical providence, from this point of view, that at just this moment the possibilities are at hand." Electronic music, in other words, is of interest primarily to the *avant-garde*. It is a necessity only to those composers who feel that traditional means are no longer adequate for the realization of their artistic aims and inventive spirit.

We should expect electronic compositions, then, to sound quite new and strange. But since electronic music is a technical resource rather than an artistic movement or style, the type of novelty varies with each composer. Music from the Cologne studio, for example, tends to incorporate extremely rapid changes of pitch, loudness, and speed. Its formal construction, though extremely rigid, is so unusual that it gives most listeners the impression of chaos. The sounds themselves are not very shocking. They have a machine-made character—abrupt, steady, and almost Hammond Organ-like—and they impart a curiously disinfected flavor to the music. This is not so

much the result of inadequate technical means as it is the aim of the composers on the studio's staff. None of them is well known except Karlheinz Stockhausen, whose notoriety is based on some well-publicized zany notions and a compositional method closely related to numerology. But the studio is famous for pioneering the technique, and a number of composers have gone there to experiment and compose—notably the fashionable *enfant terrible* of Paris, Pierre Boulez, and the well-established Ernst Krenek, who now lives in the United States.

'Concrete' Reinforcements

Similar work is being done in Frankfurt and Milan, but at the Groupe de Recherches de Musique Concrète of Radiodiffusion Française in Paris the type of music produced is quite different. Although its composers use the same methods of tape manipulation as the Cologne group, they do not employ electronically generated sounds exclusively. The basis for much of their composition is "concrete" or natural sound generated from all manner of sources—speaking voices, gongs, trains, drops of water, and so on. The sounds are altered a great deal before they are used in the music, but in many cases their source is still recognizable. This gives the music a strong evocative quality—something like surrealist poetry. One may hear laughter, sighs, whistling, footsteps, heartbeats, and the like emerging from indefinable roars, tinkles, and melodies.

In other examples of concrete music, however, the sounds are so altered that they are no longer recognizable, and the results are much closer to the works from Cologne, except that they are much richer in tone quality and are often extremely startling.

Both approaches are represented on the London Ducretet-Thompson disc, *Panorama of Musique Concrète,* which includes works by three men whose reputations are based exclusively on work in the genre—Pierre Schaeffer, Pierre Henry, and Philippe Arthuys. The only generally well-known musicians who have produced music at the Paris studio are Olivier Messiaen and Boulez.

The "concrete" approach is also followed in the United States by a number of composers. Edgard Varèse's *Deserts* for tape-recorded sound and orchestra was performed in Town Hall last year. The work of Otto Luening and Vladimir Ussachevsky—both professors of music at Columbia University—is represented on an LP called "Tape Recorder Music." John Cage, famous for his "prepared piano" and several Dadaist lectures and concerts, has also used the medium. The film sound tracks by Louis and Bebe Barron might also be mentioned, though they would be better classified as sound effects than as music. An example of their work with the noises made by electronic circuits can be heard accompanying the M-G-M science-fiction film "Forbidden Planet."

It is significant that the only attempts to simulate standard instrumental music by means of electronics have been made by engineers rather than by musicians. There

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would be little musical point in using machines to do what is easily accomplished, say, by a violin. But there may be some commercial point. RCA is interested in the inexpensive production of popular records, and is experimenting in this direction with its Synthesizer. The physical characteristics of standard instrumental sounds are analyzed, then synthesized and formed into melodic lines. No musicians seem to be involved, however, and the demonstration record issued to the public (Victor LM 1922) shows what can happen when such work is done by engineers with extremely limited musical knowledge and sensitivity. These crude versions of popular and classical "standards" do not even give an indication of how well the machine can work technically. They certainly demonstrate nothing of what the new machine can contribute to music as an art.

Beyond the Limits of Technique

Of course it is not universally agreed that electronic music in any form can contribute to music as an art. R. S. Bringle, writing in the British magazine *Musical Times,* includes all composers working with electronics in the "lunatic fringe." But his lunatic fringe includes every other manifestation of *avant-garde* music as well. This is not an uncommon position. Critics antagonistic to it all are indiscriminately antagonistic to each part. Such a position is patently absurd.

Almost all the reasonable objections focus less on the electronic aspect of this music than on the idea of mechanical reproduction. There is worry about the dehumanization of art. Pierre Boulez, an "advanced" musician who has worked with electronics himself, feels that "The machine has enormous capacities, but its skill is very small when compared to that of an interpreter. . . . We are interested much more by the possibilities given by the fantasy and inspiration of the human interpreter than by precise mechanical realization."

Advocates of electronic composition would claim, however, that Boulez' opinion is beside the point, since the whole purpose of the method is to clear away the performer and his instrument and thus give free rein to the *composer's* fantasy and inspiration. After all, the composer too is human, and the contraptions with which he makes music are no more mechanical than, say, a piano with its keys, hammers, levers, and so on. What is lacking is not human fantasy and inspiration but the kind of spontaneous flair that can result only when a human being becomes exhilarated while performing in public. The loss is certainly important, but it is a necessary loss if a new advantage is to be gained—the chance to compose and hear music that goes beyond the limits allowed by traditional performing technique. As Alfred Wallenstein wrote in reference in the RCA Synthesizer: "Depending on the perfection of the process, an entirely new concept of what is musically useful can be evolved. And the entire world of sound can be tapped for the creation of yet unheard of musical forms." For many listeners, this gain may offset the loss.

One may feel uneasy listening to this new music in a concert hall. The ordinary concertgoer expects to see human beings on the stage. In fact, he usually needs them to focus his attention, and he is apt to be embarrassed when presented with nothing but a loudspeaker and sound. But even though there seems to be little future for electronic music in the concert hall, there are other places where it can be effectively produced. It has already proved successful on the radio and as film, theater, and TV background. And it is the only kind of music that can be distributed for home use in its original form, since unlike traditional music it exists as a phonograph record from the very start.

Not everyone accepts the phonograph record as a legitimate purveyor of music, however. As Roger Sessions and others have frequently pointed out, repeated performances

of a record, because they are always the same, can never be as satisfactory as repeated live performances. In live performances—no two of which are ever identical—different aspects of a work are revealed much as different aspects of a piece of sculpture are revealed by various placements and lighting arrangements. All the aspects of a piece of music are only gradually revealed as each new performance illuminates it from a different angle. But this is just what composers of electronic music would like to avoid. By eliminating the performer, for the first time in history composers have the opportunity that painters and writers have always had of presenting their finished work directly to an audience. Some listeners may find repeated performance of an electronic composition boring. They may even feel that a different "interpretation" would be better. But at least they will have heard precisely what the composer intended with no interference, beneficial or otherwise, from a middleman. Once again we see that a loss in one place is offset by a gain in another.

Given this debit-credit situation, it seems evident that electronic music is not in conflict with traditional music. Although it has too many new and favorable aspects to be neglected, it lacks too many of the values of live performance to be an adversary. The relation is somewhat like that between the movies and the stage. Each medium has its peculiar advantages and drawbacks. Neither is a substitute for the other. Both fulfill important functions. It is for this reason that a number of conductors—notably Hermann Scherchen, Leopold Stokowski, and Alfred Wallenstein—can afford to support electronic music. Neither their careers nor the music to which they have devoted their lives is being threatened. Composers of electronic music do not propose to vie with Mozart or Stravinsky, and their machines are not likely to throw performers out of work. What they offer is not a replacement or an improvement, but an addition to musical language—an addition that promises some of the most intriguing and exciting possibilities for a new mode of artistic expression.

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THEATER: Mr. Williams And Orpheus

MARYA MANNES

Come to the dry-goods store in a town in Two-River County some evening and have a good time. Your host, Tennessee Williams, will see to that—at least until things get pretty turgid the Saturday before Easter, but that comes later.

Until then, walk into this tattered skeleton of a store with its adjoining dim "confectionery" and meet the folks: Dolly Hamma and Beulah Binnings, Eva Temple and Sister Temple, four Southern witches with prurient minds and cackling tongues; Pee Wee Binnings and Dog Hamma, white trash, male; Carol Cutrere, a depraved and beautiful girl glittering with despair; and a noble gentle savage in a snakeskin jacket, Val Xavier—the Orpheus of *Orpheus Descending,* with his guitar, his "life companion." You will laugh with them, for they are very funny, although the Cutrere girl will arrest you with the high-pitched wildness of her search for love, and Val will touch you with his purity: Williams has never introduced you to anyone with such goodness and gentleness.

A little later you will meet Lady Torrance, and you will know at once how important she is. Under her tough, worldly banter, hope, perception, passion, and loneliness show through. And it will come as no surprise when she hires the gentle Val to clerk in her store.

You will meet her dying husband, Jabe, just back from the hospital, and hate him at once; and you will hate Sheriff Talbot, his brother in hate; and you will feel immediate compassion for Talbot's fey little wife, Vee, who sees visions and paints "primitives" and stumbles about the store wearing the "artistic" jumble of clothes and beads affected by her kind, her Psyche bun loosening under her fussy hat.

You will also meet, briefly, the figure of death, the signature of Tennessee Williams; this time the old black rag-and-bone seller, Uncle Pleasant, who offers the skull of an animal for sale, or a bleached shell.

What happens while you laugh with these people and wonder at them and wait in that state of amazed suspense which your host can always conjure up? Well, sometimes they say things that are true and beautiful as well as funny. Your host makes it plain that each man is an island: Val alone with his incorruptibility

Maureen Stapleton

and his music; Carol alone in her frantic search; Vee alone with her visions; and above all, Lady alone with the terrible memories of her past, and her present coupling with death, her husband.

Finally, in this sad pavane, they do come close to each other, all, that is, but the desperate Carol, who is rejected by her potential savior, Val. Lady and Val come together out of her need and his tenderness; Vee has her blinding vision of Christ. But their approach to closeness is also the seal of their destruction. In the twisted minds of a twisted South (and how Williams hates this South), Val Xavier's gentle compassion is spelled philandering. Lady's love is the adulterous lust of a dead bootlegger's daughter, and Vee's visions are insanity. On this Easter Saturday night of a rainy spring in Two-River County, the dying Torrance shoots his wife in the arms of her lover, Val is mobbed by the Sheriff and his pack and thrown naked to the howling dogs, and Carol Cutrere buys his snakeskin jacket from old Uncle Pleasant for a ring. (It is the closest she can get to Val's wild purity.)

And what does it all add up to, when you're through? Well, it adds up to pretty fascinating theater part of the time—to a good many healthy laughs, and to some of the best acting our stage can produce. From the magnificent Maureen Stapleton as Lady to the unerring Joanna Roos as Vee, the cast is flawless under Harold Clurman's direction.

The Promise Unfulfilled

In many ways, this is the most compassionate play Williams has written. But it is also a very loose and very contrived play. Like the decorations of the confectionery store, the bright shreds and patches of his genius hang from a shaky construction, and often their artifice is clearer than their illusion. As the play proceeds toward its inevitable climax of violence (inevitable, that is, to Williams) there is a strained theatricality in the shrill tirades of love and despair. The more we know of these people, the less interesting they become. Their promise was greatest in their early solitudes.

But this, I think, is the one recurrent weakness in the art of Tennessee Williams. Much of his work is like a pregnancy, real or false. The play grows big before your eyes and you wait with suspense and fascination for the child (what will its name be—Truth? Reality? Love?) to appear. But you will never see the child, as you never saw it in *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof* (Maggie was pregnant in the last act, remember?) or in *Orpheus,* where Lady's embryo dies with her.

But the conception, or the illusion of conception, is there, and that is the first creative act if not the last. If there is a valid distinction between talent and genius, it might be just this: that genius encompasses the whole human process. Williams stops at the beginning.

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Bright Angels And Historical Devils

WILLIAM HARLAN HALE

THE AGE OF ROOSEVELT: THE CRISIS OF THE OLD ORDER, 1919-1933, by Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr. *Houghton Mifflin. $6.*

A dramatic device opens this first volume of what is to be a series of four. Before setting out on his story, the author gives us a Prologue in which he describes in preview form its climactic scene. It is the city of Washington on March 4, 1933. All the banks are shut; tense crowds line the streets as a glum, heavy-faced President Herbert Hoover rides silently beside his successor on the route to the latter's inauguration. With meticulous detail, Mr. Schlesinger recounts the expressions of the chief actors, the movements on the inaugural stand, the politicians buttoning themselves up against the wintry wind, and the bleak weather itself, whose darkness "intensified the mood of helplessness." A "fog of despair hung over the land," he goes on to say. Then comes the ceremony itself, with President Franklin D. Roosevelt's ringing speech, followed by the "high clear note of the cavalry bugles" announcing the inaugural parade. In Washington, "the weather remained cold and gray." But at the same time, Schlesinger adds, shifting again from a meteorological observation to a personal one, "Across the land the fog began to lift."

There is artistry in this interweaving of motifs, some objective and some subjective. The method runs through all Schlesinger's book, lending it personality, vigor, and color. But it also leaves the reader with the difficulty of separating them and of sorting out the author's facts from his comments and opinions. Unquestionably, what we have here is a major effort in the writing of recent history. But it is just recent history that offers the most treacherous hazards in distinguishing truth from near-truth, perspective from emotion.

The reader's task grows easier the further he progresses through Mr. Schlesinger's pages because the same subjective motifs recur frequently, thereby becoming increasingly identifiable. The theme of darkness, as contrasted with that of light, enters repeatedly like a Wagnerian *Leitmotiv*. The bearer of darkness is Herbert Hoover, who appears as a kind of grim-visaged Hagen characterized repeatedly as cold, gloomy, withdrawn, callous, and finally utterly broken. The light-bringer is the Siegfried of 1933, the smiling, magnetic, ever-hopeful, unquenchable, invincible Franklin D. Roosevelt. "And so," Schlesinger winds up his peroration, describing the victor as he took office, "he serenely awaited the morrow. The event was in the hand of God."

As a cub reporter who visited Roosevelt's tumultuous White House during its first week under new management, I recall nothing "serene" about it—although it may have been under divine guidance.

Catchall and Contradiction

When Mr. Schlesinger set out on his large-scale enterprise, a whole list of alternatives was open to him as to how to go about it. He could try to write, with all the scholarly talents and academic advantages at his command, a definitive history of an era seen from a middle distance. Or he could attempt a rousing partisan tract, perhaps on the model set by Claude G. Bowers's incisive trilogy on Jefferson and his enemies. Or he might produce a popular, atmospheric panorama of the highlights of what had happened, built up from anecdote, color, and detail, somewhat along the lines of the late Frederick Lewis Allen's *Only Yesterday*.

What Mr. Schlesinger has done is to try all three at the same time. While this approach may seem to have the advantage of bringing in everything that would interest almost everybody, it runs the danger of trying to be several kinds of book at once, of mixing the unmixable, and in the end of defeating itself by its self-contradictions of aim. There are pages, such as those presenting a brisk play-by-play account of the turbulent Democratic National Convention of 1932, that show Schlesinger at the top of his form as a political chronicler. There are moving passages, evidently written with deep feeling, recalling the bloody suppression of the Gastonia, N.C., strike and the sorry episode of the routing of the impoverished Bonus Army from Washington in 1932. There are sharply etched pen portraits of men ranging from Senator George W. Norris to Andrew W. Mellon. But there are pages, also, in which the purposeful heaving of historical brickbats on one hand mixes with a catchall of names, newspaper snippets, and trivia on the other, leaving the reader wondering just what all this is supposed to add up to.

It may be of some interest to students of American folkways to know that Vice-President John N. Garner was addicted to lamb chops for breakfast and that the late Senator Robert F. Wagner dearly loved partridge smothered in sauerkraut. But it is not clear why Mr. Schlesinger, amid a serious exposition of public policies and economic thought, pauses to record these facts here.

The author's encyclopedic impulse has also caused him to bring into his pages almost every social thinker, leading publicist, and recognized author in the era from 1910 to 1933, although often with only passing mention and sometimes with hardly any identification of his work. In any case, they are all there, from Jane Addams and Herbert Croly (brief summaries) to Randolph Bourne and Harold Stearns (one brief quote each, without further identification). A chapter entitled "The Revolt of the Intellectuals" ticks off that fascinating and complex phenomenon in just seven pages, but in it Schlesinger manages to mention twenty-two different personalities, from H. L. Mencken to Buster Keaton.

To readers over forty, to whom Schlesinger's canvas may serve more as a reminder than as a fresh intro-

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duction, this fast round-up method may pose no problem. Readers of a more tender age may have difficulty with it, though—as when they are confronted point-blank with such assorted names as Gerard Swope, George Peek, Hugh Johnson, and Harold L. Ickes, all without an introductory word to say who they were and why they were noteworthy.

Strong Reminders

But there is a broader problem facing anyone visiting the Roosevelt and pre-Roosevelt era with Arthur Schlesinger as guide, and it concerns not so much his choice of materials as his judiciousness in handling them.

In a time that has returned to such an all-out admiration of business leadership and its spokesmen as ours, the days just a quarter century ago when that leadership failed us abysmally are remote from most men's memory, and it has not been in the interest of our business historians to recall them. Mr. Schlesinger's book provides a valuable antidote in bringing back to mind, with ample quotation from the financial and industrial titans of the time, how like lost sheep they were when the great crisis brought on by recklessness and greed overtook them. It is also well that a rising generation, wedded again to the gospel of getting ahead, be reminded of the way some of the most free-wheeling go-getters of the earlier age—among them Samuel Insull and Charles E. Mitchell, to take some of Schlesinger's examples—behaved toward the public and their country. Exposure on the one hand and bankruptcy on the other not only dethroned the barons of 1929 but shamed them into decent behavior. It was the New Deal that civilized much of the business community—not vice versa.

But while Mr. Schlesinger is within his historian's rights when scorning the fallen idols, he drives his point so hard as to seem to scorn also every man who ever in our lifetime bore the name Republican or headed a corporation. Such enlightened figures as Owen D. Young and Eugene Meyer are given short shrift.

Nowhere is this bias more apparent than in Schlesinger's coverage of the rival national nominating conventions of 1932. The Republican one at Chicago is dismissed in barely more than a page as a thing of lethargy and stupor—in short, of darkness: "The jobless men on West Madison Street watched impassively as the taxis and limousines decanted their passengers into the stadium." But the Democratic get-together that followed it—admittedly far more rousing, although also a good deal more shifty—is given nineteen pages, opening on a handsome panorama of "goateed statesmen" from the South, cowboys, "young men from the West," and "Tammany braves" assembling, and winding up with the finale, after Roosevelt's nomination: "And the roar of the organ . . . the vague awakening of hope; and always the cheap song of the organ drowning out the bad times, casting out the sad times . . . HAPPY DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN!"

As an antidote to this, I took down from my shelf my faded copy of H. L. Mencken's *Making a President,* consisting of the old master's dispatches from that convention to the Baltimore *Evening Sun,* and received from it confirmation of my youthful recollection that the chief impetus for the "Happy Days" refrain after Chicago was the knowledge that the Democrats were out to repeal Prohibition.

"Between Mr. Hoover and Mr. Roosevelt," wrote Walter Lippmann, "there was, in 1932, no issue of fundamental principle as to the responsibility of the modern state for the modern economy." Mr. Schlesinger quotes this, and some of the most absorbing pages in the book are those in which he explores the statement's implications. He describes the three schools of advisers who moved in on Roosevelt early in the campaign with conflicting advice: on one side, the Rexford Tugwell group of radicals, with their call for all-over social planning; on another, the conservative Democrats, calling for retrenchment and budget balancing; and on still another, the old Brandeis type of liberals, calling for trust busting and government regulation.

"Roosevelt, in the center, had few clear-cut ideas of his own with which

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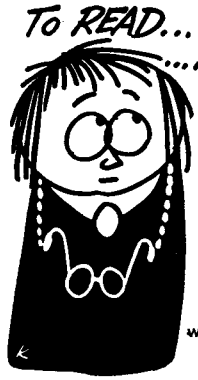
to reduce the confusion," writes Mr. Schlesinger. "Such economic furniture as stocked his mind was most conventional . . ." On one day he could speak spaciously of the need for great government undertakings to resolve the depression, and the next, of the need of government retrenchment. Sometimes he even managed to combine the two contrasting thoughts in the same speech. Yet the author, even so, is inclined to give him high marks in 1932 as an energizer of ideas—primarily, it would seem, because he himself was wholly wedded to none of them. Hoover, on the other hand, was doomed because he was the prisoner of his own strict views. For him "the fatal line always remained one step beyond anything he was prepared to do himself." So, in the end, their approach was as opposite after all as black and white—one man rigid and presumably logical by his own standards, and the other wide-open and pragmatic, even if sometimes a bit confusing—and Mr. Schlesinger is all for the white side.

THIS REVIEW does not intend to argue preferences. But it may be that Mr. Schlesinger has fallen victim to the historical fallacy of hindsight—in this case, of attributing to F.D.R. an ideological generalship in the miasma of 1932 which actually he developed only later on, after victory. Or he may be inclined to the sheer pragmatic conclusion that Roosevelt's views in 1932 must have been better, because Roosevelt won. In any case, powerful as this book is on many a page, it appears to lose much of the drama as well as much of the truth of the turbulent days it records by casting them so much in terms of a battle of bright angels against historical devils, without intervening human shades of gray.



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George Kennan On the Russian Revolution

DAVID DEMAREST LLOYD

RUSSIA LEAVES THE WAR, by George F. Kennan. *Princeton University Press. $7.50.*

This first volume of Mr. Kennan's projected work on Soviet-U.S. relations from 1917 to 1920 is a great book if only because of the profound humility its author displays before the stubborn and elusive facts of history. Deservedly it has won the National Book Award for 1956. Here is a historian with the discipline of a diplomatist, who, in an alien land, knows what it is to search for the grains of truth amid storms of deception, rumor, and propaganda. Mr. Kennan himself has waited for the cable of instructions from Washington that never comes or comes too late, has seen his colleagues swept by waves of passionate sympathy or revulsion for the human beings it is their duty to regard with an impersonal calm, and has watched a chain of little blunders grow into momentous and irreversible events.

This is not in the usual sense a story of Soviet-U.S. relations in the winter of 1917-1918; it is a story of the personalities on whom those relations rested, from the Negro valet of the American Ambassador at one end of the scale, dodging machine-gun fire on the Liteiny Prospekt, to Lenin at the other, sneering at the western diplomats in his office in the Smolny Institute. All the dramatis personae are carefully drawn, their correspondence carefully examined, the conflicting versions of their exchanges compared.

The pages that result glow with a fascination, a liveliness, and a human truth comparable to those of a great novel on the heroic Victorian scale. But this method has not been pursued for the sake of entertainment; it is an effort to excavate the actual event from beneath four decades of impassioned controversy, propaganda, and recrimination. To the fullest possible extent, this effort has been successful, and where the sources fail and the trail peters out, the author has been frank to say so, and refrains from adding his conjectures. This is that rarest of historical works, the definitive account, which only great historians are privileged to write.

Out of the War

This volume covers the period from November 7, 1917, the eve of the Bolshevik seizure of power, to March 16, 1918, the date of the ratification of the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk—the four months that gave birth to most of the dilemmas and controversies that have vexed our policy toward the Bolshevik state ever since. Mr. Kennan makes it clear that there was never a chance that the Bolsheviks might resume the war against Germany or act in co-operation with the Allies, yet he shows why many Americans thought that they might do so.

In their attitudes toward foreign powers, Lenin and Trotsky represented a new type of character, never before seen on the diplomatic stage, which was virtually impossible to understand. Many Americans, as Mr. Kennan points out, felt a sympathy for the Russian revolutionists, and tended to identify their motives and ideals with those of the Founding Fathers and the New Freedom reformers at home. More than this, American foreign policy needed Russia as a member of the community of western nations not only because a war was being desperately fought—then as all too few years later—but because Russia was necessary to fill out the pattern of international society as we intuitively felt it to be constituted. Secretary of State Lansing, to whom Mr. Kennan attributes a sharp wisdom on this point, might disabuse President Wilson of any illusions on the score of Bolshevik humanitarianism, but even he shrank from any suggestion of dismembering Russia.

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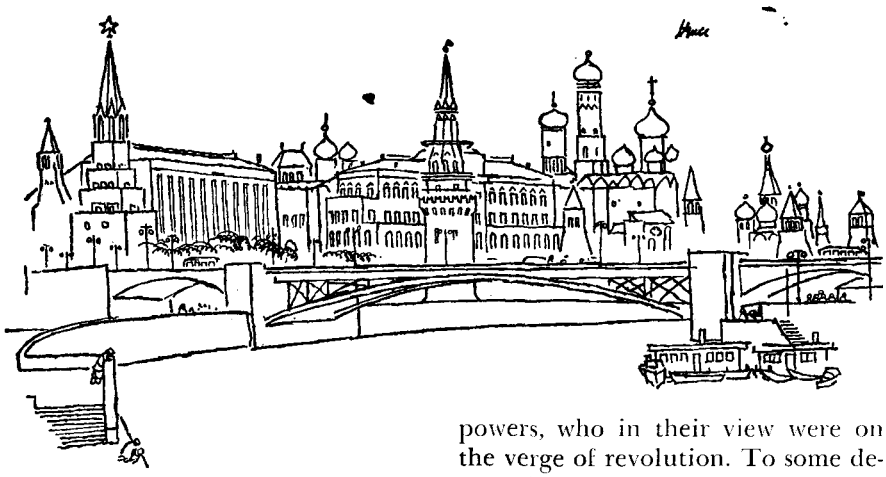

One strange but fortunate aspect of those dramatic four months was that a sounder, if vaguer, understanding of the Bolshevik phenomenon seems to have prevailed in the State Department and the White House than was the case among the Americans in the hurly-burly at Petrograd. At the scene of the revolution there were not only our Ambassador, a staunch but aging Missouri Democrat, David R. Francis, and his career staff, but also an array of special missions and agencies, whose officers felt it their duty to shape the foreign policy of the United States, as their successors did in many American embassies during the Second World War. Some of these gentlemen, from the best of motives as Mr. Kennan makes clear, violently espoused the cause of aid to the Bolsheviks, and pulled all the wires they could through their Washington offices to change the cautious and reserved attitude of the State Department and the President.

The Puzzled Onlookers

For the most part their efforts were unsuccessful, although many of the proponents of friendship for the Bolsheviks felt that they had helped bring about the President's famous Fourteen Points speech. These liberal sentiments, according to the author, were utterly meaningless to either the Bolsheviks, wrapped in their class-war dogma, or to the Russian masses, concerned primarily with food and peace and politically voiceless anyway. Yet Wilson continued to appeal to the Russian people, over the heads of the Bolsheviks while Lenin and Trotsky continued vainly to address the toiling and exploited peoples of the bourgeois powers, who in their view were on the verge of revolution. To some degree these misunderstandings of political realities continue to plague Soviet-U.S. relations to this day.

This first monumental volume gives a clue to the success of the Bolsheviks which no doubt will be developed later in the series. By a historical coincidence the Marxist-Leninist doctrines, however fantastic and erroneous, however deficient in historical understanding and limited in vision, provided the perfect rationale for those measures which were necessary to the Bolsheviks for seizing and keeping power. Their policy was the single-minded pursuit of power in Russia. Their dogma not only justified this end but confined them to it, and kept them from being diverted from it by any considerations for the prestige or welfare of their country, or for its future relations with foreign nations. Hence the puzzle they presented abroad. Neither defeat nor humiliation nor foreign occupation of part of their territory, nor the disorganization of their country, nor any considerations of patriotism or honor, nor the hope of foreign aid or of international approval, had any influence over them. Their success, peculiar to the times in which it was achieved, cemented the doctrine with the policy.

In circumstances other than the frightful despair and confusion of 1917-1918, the Bolsheviks could not have succeeded. For us today, hope lies in the fact that their successors may be compelled to realize that this doctrine of theirs is not eternally valid, and therefore does not justify a policy that is nothing but a naked seeking after power, with the inevitable consequences of internal horror and ultimate disaster.

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The Prejudices Of Invidious Albion

GOUVERNEUR PAULDING

JOURNEY OF AN AMERICAN, by Albion Ross. *Bobbs-Merrill. $4.50.*

Once, in an interval between foreign assignments for the New York *Times,* Mr. Ross lived for a while in a city he loathes more than any other. "For me," he writes, "there is no other environment in the world that so blatantly blasphemes against the aspirations of the human spirit." When the *Queen Mary* took him off on his travels again he "stood out in the winter night on her deserted afterdeck and watched the lights of New York fade slowly. Never have I known a happiness so intense. The faith given me by my father before he died was blurred and weak but I kneeled in the darkness and tried to give thanks for my escape from that city."

Plenty of Americans before Mr. Ross have been dissatisfied with New York. Even plenty of New Yorkers from time to time tire of the place, but a week's vacation in the country, a night in Philadelphia, sends them happily home again. The only people who really go away and stay away do so not because they love New York less—or think they hate it—but because they love some place else the more. That is actually the case with Mr. Ross.

Crowds vs. People

When Mr. Ross talks about New York, or indeed about the United States generally, he is really talking about all the cities of our modern civilization. When he is in them he feels very much alone. Loneliness in the crowd is a well-known theme, and so are discussions of how modern city concentrations came about, and what they have cost. Diagnosing the evil in city life—and again, city life is only the extension of all modern civilized life—is perhaps a useful thing to do, but it is certainly not a novel occupation. Satirists were already at work in the days of imperial Rome.

It would be more original and useful now, since we have the cities and are likely to have them, bigger and bigger, for a long time to come, to start commenting on the obviously successful resistance the men and women who inhabit them have put up against all pressures to conform and be mechanized. Books attempting the task would no doubt be difficult to write; they could not be propped up with all the dreary jargon in which the pessimists deplore mass media and so forth; they would require a deeply poetic insight into the secrets of the heart.

It is the paradox of *Journey of an American* that Mr. Ross possesses this insight to a high degree. Wherever he travels, except in the New York subway—forgive and forget Mr. Ross on New York—he shows that he understands and cares for people. That is why this correspondent's autobiography is no mere collection of pieces from his files. Mr. Ross is a complicated man, romantic about his American tradition and about peasantry as the basis for the only possible way of life, yet perfectly aware of the danger of systematization.

In two lucid sentences he shows the dilemma that he has to face: "The mind seldom understands a reality that is not distorted by coherence, unity and emphasis. Human reality is neither coherent, unified nor, in general, especially emphatic." *Journey of an American* is a lyric book in which the important things are not what the author hates and occasionally works into too rigid a system but what he observes directly, understands, and loves.

Lebanon, Austria, Africa

These loves of his are happily unexpected and stimulating. Lebanon suddenly appears as a very wonderful country indeed: "In the Lebanon there was no way to be just like everyone else because there was no everyone else to be like. There was no average man." Austria is a wonderful country because it has given up its indulgence in self-pity over its lost empire and aspires to become another Switzerland.

And the Boers are a wonderful people. Their doctrine of Apartheid has a side to it that is not only understandable but rather beautiful: These Dutch immigrants have made a language of their own; they have held onto pioneer tradition; they are in great danger because there has risen a city, Johannesburg, to threaten them; British and modern civilization is threatening them, and yet they still are stubborn, they still hold on. What Apartheid means at its best is that the Dutch want only to be a white tribe among the black. The Dutch in Africa are a lonely people content to be alone. In practice, Mr. Ross is well aware, Apartheid simply is detestable.

The blacks in Africa, to Mr. Ross, are an even more lonely people—ageless, lost in their own country, threatened not only by a few Dutch, British, and French colonialists who sooner or later will be absorbed or thrown out, but threatened also with being uprooted from their immemorial family and tribal traditions. Eloquently and sadly, Mr. Ross maintains that all the rest of us have already been uprooted.

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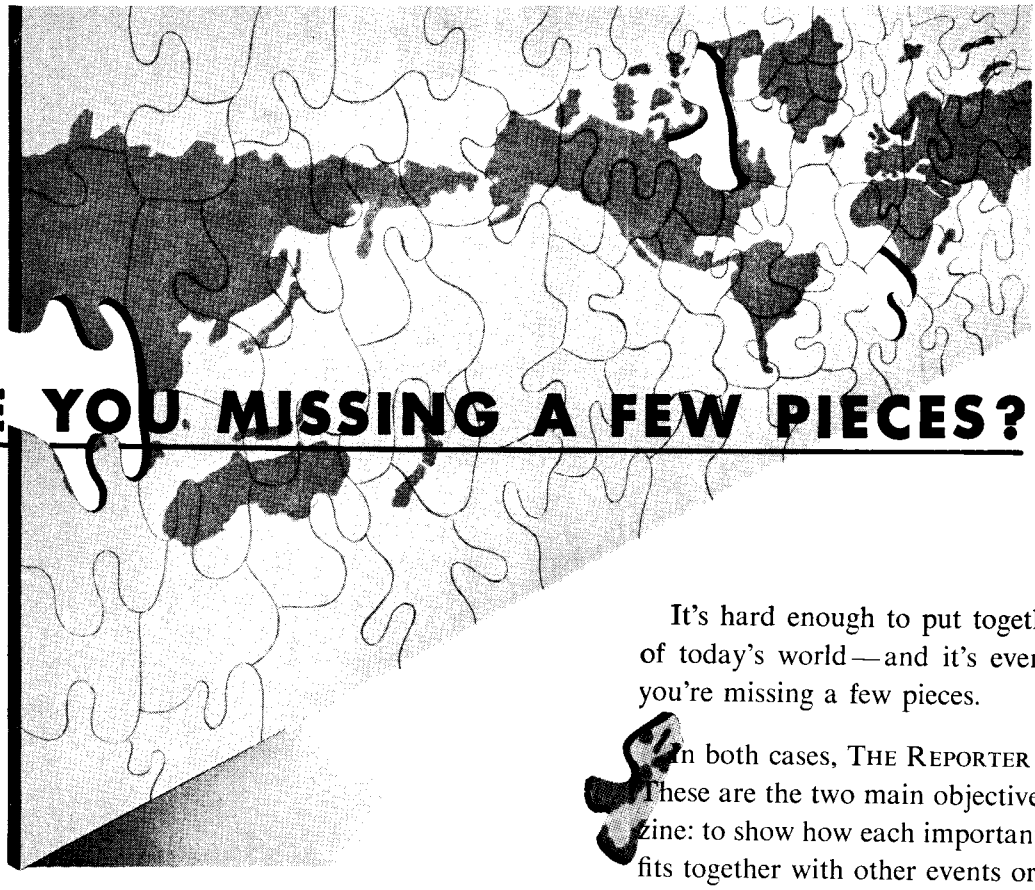

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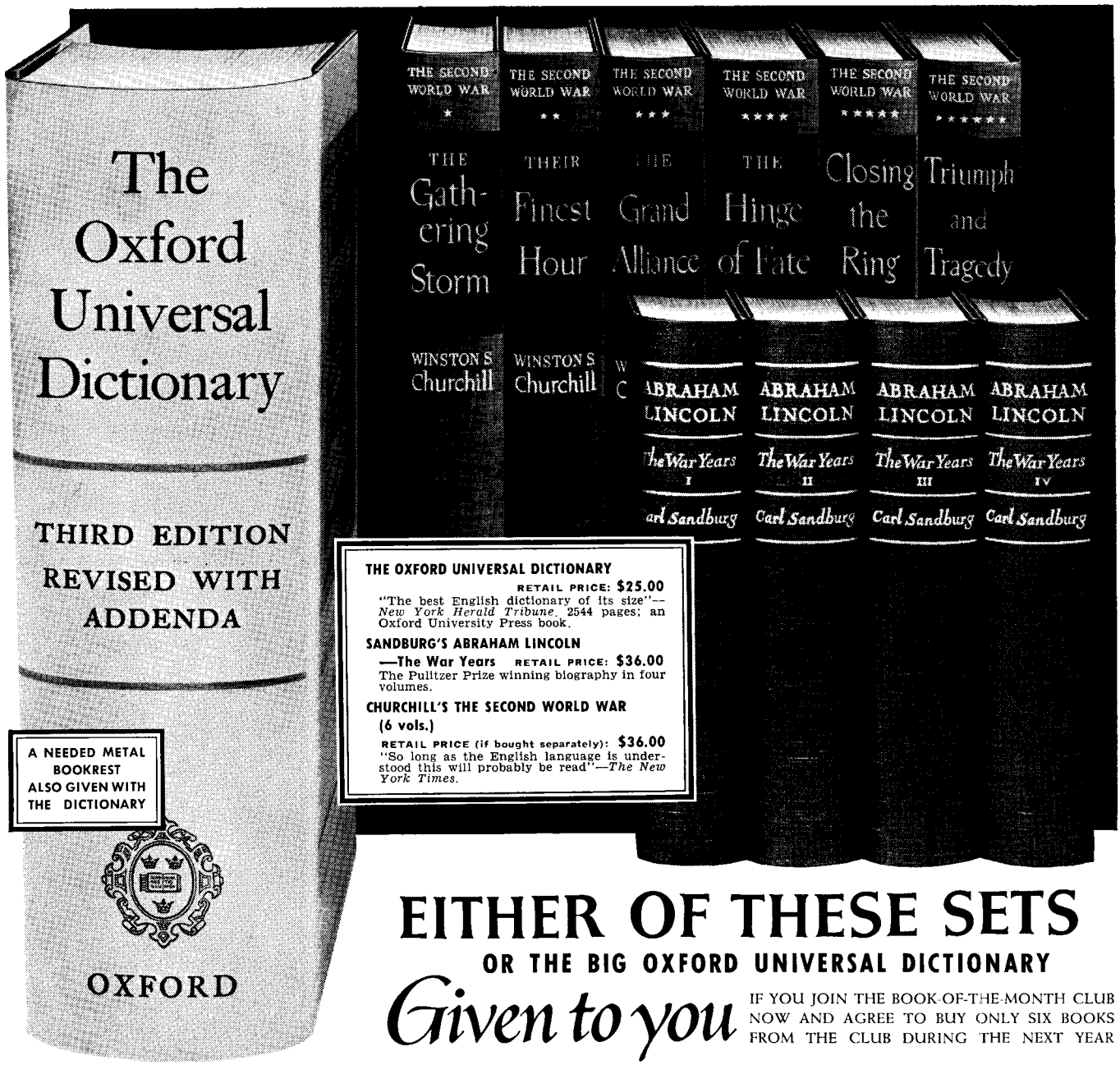

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